

WELSH STORY.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

In faith and hope the world will disagree;
But all mankind's concern is charity. POPE.

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WELSH STONE

THE THREE VOICES

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TO
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE
DUCHESS OF YORK.

MADAM,

WHILE I entertain the deepest sense of personal obligation for the peculiar honour of having obtained your Royal Highness's patronage, I am equally sensible of the singular advantage of such a circumstance, to a work written for the purpose of relieving modest merit.

If these volumes should be found not wholly unworthy of the gracious

protection which your Royal Highness has condescendingly bestowed upon them, it will add to the happiness, though it cannot increase the gratitude, with which I subscribe myself

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS'S

Most respectful and

Most devoted Servant,

MARY BARKER.

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A WELSH

A

WELSH STORY.

CHAP. I.

“The scenes of life, when present and confess,
“Stamp but the bolder features on the breast.”

ROGERS.

ON scenes which detained “the lingering eye of taste,” memory dwells with an enthusiastic delight: and in proportion to their distance from the eye, they become dear to the heart.

Thus do we recur to our infant days with more than childish pleasure; thus

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B

do

do we paint with fairy colours the scenes of youth ; and nothing but what is present appears destitute of charms.

Such is the complaint of the child of sensibility, and the language of the man of reason.

Let then the fastidious critic and the sapient scholar despise the individual who employs the powers of imagination to make the present hour interesting, by engaging the heart. The smile of misery, or the tear of insensibility, shall offer the noblest vindication of such endeavours.

Aware that fashion and false taste have rendered other pictures than those of nature necessary in a novel, the writer who studies the human heart can only hope for readers whom fashion cannot prevail

prevail upon to neglect equally the human understanding.

In the characters of the possessors of the estates of Glendarran, some peculiarities (though not uncommon ones) existed, which rendered them useful subjects for contemplation; if amusement can be derived from the following display of them, their historian will be more than rewarded.

Glendarran Castle, situated in the beautiful county of Glamorgan, was once in possession of a lady whom taste and inclination induced to make her home, her place of abode. Early in life she married a gentleman, who was admired by her friends for his immense estates, and recommended to her love by the negative merit of never giving offence. Perhaps

He found that something more is necessary to constitute the happiness of a woman of sensibility than an alliance with a man of great fortune, "strict honour, and unimpeached integrity;" for though he was created a Peer immediately on his marriage, and was very soon afterwards made an Earl; yet her health visibly declined after her eternal union, and her death made Lord Glendarran again free in three years from that period. He was the father of two lovely children: on Lord Margam, who was the elder, his estates were entailed. Glendarran was the inheritance of the unfortunate lady whom we have already mentioned; her estate, and the great parliamentary interest which had for many generations attached to it, was a temptation which Sir Watkin Edwards (as Lord Glendarran then was) could not suffer his

natural

natural repugnance to a wife to overcome. Lady Glendarran, however, thought proper to bequeath her property entirely free from his control, to her daughter, Lady Cecilia Margam, who was six months old when she lost her mother. Lord Glendarran (who was at that time attending a canal bill of the utmost importance to his estate, through the House) no sooner heard of the death of his wife, than he assumed a deep and dignified appearance of grief: he dispatched a servant to conduct his lovely children to London; but so sacred was his respect for the propriety of their appearance after the loss of such a mother, that he deprived himself of the consolation of their endearing caresses, till a superb mourning coach was built to convey them; in short, nothing could

excel the visible respect and regret which Lord Glendarran bestowed on the memory of his wife ; nor could this kingdom boast a more expensive monument than he erected to it.

To the education of his children his Lordship paid equal attention. Lord Margam went to Westminster at as early an age as any boy ever went ; from thence he pursued his studies at Oxford, and spent more than twice as much time in making the tour of Europe as young noblemen usually do.

Lady Cecilia Margam, before she could speak, was consigned to the care of a most accomplished French governess, by whom she was instructed in every kind of knowledge necessary for an heiress of six thousand a year, till her

her Ladyship chose to be her own mistress; when Madame Le Brun was dismissed, and various women, who spoke various languages, succeeded in her post. Masters of the first fashion, as well as governesses of the first respectability, attended Lady Cecilia constantly, with whom she merely reserved the privilege of learning just as much as was pleasant to herself, and of obeying none of their instructions but what she thought proper and just, according to the humour she might be in; the effect of which, her actions must declare.

Glendarran Castle (of which she was to become mistress in a very short time from the commencement of this history) had been uninhabited fourteen years; a constant residence in London, or its vicinity, rendered Lady Cecilia Margam

very little disposed to visit it ; therefore, like a tale of better times, it was sinking into oblivion, noticed only by those whose *expiring fancies* added a double lustre to its beauties.

The only object around it which admitted of any comparison with its magnificence, was Glendarran House ; a seat of a very ancient family of the name of Llewellyn.

Mr. Llewellyn, like Lord Glendarran, was a widower, and like him too lived in London, where, though very differently employed, they were alike assured that they were pursuing the only path to happiness and glory.

Mr. Llewellyn was also a father ; though, if, as a great writer says, “ a parent’s moral right can arise only from his property, and his religious right from

“ his

"his kindness," the relationship between him and his children was a very slight one.

Fortunately for them, chance effected what paternal anxiety was never exercised about. The governess, to whose care they were entrusted, was *a woman qualified to train the infant mind*; and as it was most convenient to their father, they resided with her at Glendarran House. Besides her two pupils, Mr. Llewellyn had a son; who being lineally descended from the prince, whose name and arms he bore, as well as allied in some degree to every ancient family in South Wales, it would have been considered as a kind of public degradation if he had been brought up to the practice of any profession; in truth, his father ne~~r~~er harboured so mean a thought;

Henry Llewellyn was therefore destined to spend a life of idleness and celibacy, till the death of his parent should enable him to enjoy the blessings of life.

After receiving a liberal education, and making the tour of Europe with his cousin, the Marquis of Brecknock, he returned to England in his twenty-fifth year, neither a fool nor a coxcomb.

CHAP. II.

"Can Virgil's verse, can Raphael's touch, impart:
 "Those finer features of the feeling heart,
 "Those tender tints that shun the careless eye,
 "And in the world's contagious climate die?"

HENRY Llewellyn, being wearied of
 a wandering life, after paying his re-
 spects to his father in town, proceeded
 to Glendarran House, where he antici-
 pated much calm enjoyment in the so-
 ciety of his sisters.

The joy they experienced at seeing
 him, was such as must be felt by refined
 and susceptible minds on the return of a
 long absent and beloved brother; his
 heart experienced every pleasure which
 his imagination had promised; and the

fond expectations of all were realized on their meeting.

The only sorrow the sisters had to communicate, was the death of their beloved governess, a few weeks before their brother's arrival in England.

The sea shore, which partly encompassed the domains of Glendarran, was now the boundary of their wishes; for they thought Henry the most charming of the sons of men.

With them he never knew a tedious hour, though secluded from all that the gay call *pleasure*. Reading constituted the principal part of their amusement, and the harp of Euphemia revived them when they were weary.

Their walks, amidst the delightful scenery with which they were surrounded, exhilarated their spirits, and
the

the active virtue which Charlotte and Euphemia displayed in their kindness and attention to the neighbouring peasants, imparted the most refined delight to the heart of a brother. He was reluctantly obliged to quit these new-found pleasures by a summons from Mr. Llewellyn, to repair to London immediately; and deeply regretted the necessity of leaving them, though only for a few weeks.

His sisters felt deserted when he departed, and anxiously longed for that period which gave them the hope of again beholding him, as well as their father, whom they had not seen during the two last years.

To amuse themselves, they frequently visited a banquetting-house in the woods belonging to the Castle; its romantic situation

situation induced the mother of Lady Cecilia Margam to spend much of her time there, for which purpose she adorned it with every thing which a fertile imagination, controlled by refined taste, could devise. On the total desertion of the Castle after her death, the keys of this place were given to the possessors of Glendarran House, by which means the Miss Llewellyns had free access to it. Their governess was highly sensible of the privilege of possessing so beautiful a retreat; and it had been from their infancy a reward to her pupils for any extraordinary exertion of genius or industry, to spend a day there.

The music-room belonging to it was an elegant apartment, completely furnished with various instruments, which were

were regularly tuned by Miss Llewellyn's master.

On the day that their brother quitted them, they repaired to this their favourite retreat. Charlotte, whose spirits were much depressed, requested her sister to play an air on the harp, an instrument on which she particularly excelled.

She readily obeyed, and with equal cheerfulness exerted all her powers when she was requested by her sister to sing. Scarcely had the symphony ceased, when a stranger appeared; the harp fell from the hands of Euphemia, and he approached to apologize for the consternation which so unexpected an intrusion occasioned.

He did so in the most polite terms; and though a certain degree of awkwardness is invariably attendant
on

on explanations between strangers, yet Lord Margam (for so he was) afforded an instance that when a mind is truly great and amiable, no situation is so unfavourable as to prevent its possessor from bespeaking the attention and regard of the discerning.

Charlotte Llewellyn was of that number; and, when she learnt who he was, introduced herself and sister to Lord Margam, in a manner which increased the favourable opinion which he before entertained of them, from the representations of those to whom they were known.

He informed the sisters that he arrived at Glendarran the day before, and had been so much engaged, that he had deferred sending them the letter of introduction from their father till the following

ing

ing morning, when he presented Euphemia with it, with a look which declared that he spoke sincerely, saying, that he intended to have had the pleasure of delivering it personally, and he hoped that this unexpected prevention of his intention of calling on them, would not deprive him of the means of doing so with propriety.

Fortunately for Lord Margam, their attendant in their rural pleasures at that moment brought in the refreshment which they ordered, and he readily accepted the invitation, which could not have been withheld by a sensible woman, from so near a relation of the owner of the place, and one whose manners formed so striking an exception to the generality of those of his age and rank.

After

After tea, anxiously wishing for a repetition of those sounds which engaged the attention of his soul, Lord Margam walked round the room, noticed every instrument, touched the keys of the organ, and at length finding the language of the heart ineffectual in obtaining his wishes, he ventured to solicit in the most delicate manner which words afford, a tune from Euphemia.

Though she was ever obliging, she unaccountably found that she had not then the power to oblige.

She hesitated—Charlotte ascribed it to modest reluctance, and joined her entreaties with Lord Margam's; but she replied, *that she could not sing*. He again importuned her; but she found the difficulty of compliance increase,
and

and politeness withheld his further solicitation.

He insisted upon attending them home ; the distance appeared unusually short to Euphemia, when they arrived at Glendarran House, and propriety demanded his taking leave ; which he did with reluctance.

When the sisters were alone, they found much subject for conversation in their adventure. Charlotte declared Lord Margam to be the handsomest man she had ever seen ; and Euphemia, that he was the most *sensible, charming, and elegant* ; which, though her sister did not so instantaneously believe it possible to ascertain, yet that he was polite and elegant, she very cordially assented to.

Lord Margam's opinion of them may be inferred from the following letter, which

which he wrote to Lord Glendarran, immediately after his interview with them.

“ Glendarran Castle, June 6, 1790.

“ MY LORD,

“ NOTHING was ever more gratifying to me than obeying your commands in viewing this charming place, which exceeds in beauty every thing that ever existed in my imagination, and as far surpasses all that has hitherto engaged my admiration. Cecilia, I am certain, must be delighted with your intention of spending the summer here. I will order the steward to make an estimate of the expense of repairing the house perfectly, and shall wait here, with great pleasure, to receive and execute your Lordship's commands, hoping very soon to see you
“ and

“ and my sister, to whom present the
“ kindest love of, my Lord,

“ Your affectionate son,

“ MARGAM.

“ P. S. Cecilia will be delighted with
“ the woods; the music-room in the
“ banquetting-house is the most enchant-
“ ing place I ever beheld; the whole
“ building is exquisitely beautiful, and
“ the situation defies description.”

He awaited the arrival of his father's answer with an impatience which was new to him, though he availed himself of as many opportunities of calling at Glendarran House as delicacy allowed.

Every interview increased the admiration which Euphemia Llewellyn's captivating voice first created in Lord Margam. He considered her as the
most

most lovely of her sex, till discovering her compassionate attention to unrepining poverty, he forgot that she was beautiful ; then did his soul pay homage to virtue, and the love which he entertained for a human being, was a pure and cheering ray of that glowing flame which for ever leading the human heart to discover every thing great and beautiful in creation, reposes in serenity at the footstool of its Creator.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

- " On every bush the eglantine
" With leaves perfumed hung,
" The primrose made the hedge-rows fine,
" The woods of music rung." WITHER.

A WEEK passed away, which Lord Margam thought the shortest and most delightful of his life. The Miss Llewellyns found themselves happy, although their brother was absent. They heard from him, that he could not be with them for a fortnight; and however anxious they really felt to see him, were obliged to confess that they spent their time very agreeably.

Lord

Lord Margam received the following letter from his sister :

“ Parliament Street, June 10th.

“ DEAR NED,

“ MY father being fully and import-
“ antly employed in settling canal bills,
“ militia bills, and the Lord knows what
“ bills besides, but none like any that
“ ever troubled me, and having a how
“ half an hour long to make to every
“ old quiz on this side Temple-bar, de-
“ sires me to write to you, and inform
“ you, that he has finally determined to
“ spend the summer at Glendarran. I
“ cannot say that I much like the
“ thoughts of an old castle a hundred
“ and fifty miles from the world; but
“ as you, Ned, are a Christian, and a
“ lover of elegance, I conclude that
“ you

" you would not wish to bury me.
 " Therefore, I intend to relieve half the
 " poor fellows in this place from the
 " torments of my divine face and in-
 " exorable heart, by hardening the one,
 " and softening the other, in the de-
 " lightful scenes you picture. I mean
 " to bring Fidelle with me, and ex-
 " pect much *fun* in seeing him chase
 " the *nanny-goats* down the sides of the
 " mountains. I am very happy that
 " large hats are the ton, as the scorching
 " sun, which I conclude is the greatest
 " enlivener of the picture, would entirely
 " destroy my complexion in so long an
 " exposure; for you know I think it
 " prejudicial to wear white always, and
 " particularly as I really have no need
 " of it; so I intend to sally forth bare-
 " faced,

“faced, and suppose I may even leave
“my rouge-pot behind.

“Lord Lancaster gave a most glorious
“ball last week—every creature was
“there; and I assure you my dress was
“universally admired; indeed, I think
“nothing ever was so delightfully suited
“to display a fine form.

“Good heavens! only think of Lord
“Whirlwind’s marrying Miss Quaver
“at last—all the world’s in amazement
“about it!

“I forgot to tell you, that Mrs.
“Gunnings and her daughters come
“down with us. Lord Irwin and Sir
“William Diamond have promised;
“Lady Racket, if she possibly can, with
“the Miss Fitz-Allans (and Lord Fane
“for certain), will see us before the end
“of the summer. Therefore, we shall
“not

“ not grow quite rusticated : besides,
 “ as I come of age in September—and
 “ *heirefs of six thousand a year, Ned ! I*
 “ intend to set Wales in a blaze, and
 “ make my name even as famous as
 “ that old woman whom my father
 “ sometimes preaches about — *Nest,*
 “ *daughter of Justin-ap-Gweregant-ap-*
 “ *Cadifer-ap-Collirvin-ap-Tagno. — I’m*
 “ sure I shall never forget her name if
 “ I live to be a thousand : and if some
 “ hero does not arrive to demolish every
 “ Welsh squire in Glamorganshire, for
 “ the sake of so valuable a prize, I shall
 “ say the men are all stocks and stones.

“ Be sure get some nice poneys. Miss
 “ Gunnings and I mean to spend our
 “ mornings in riding races down the
 “ hills ; I am no great jockey, you
 “ know, but every body rides in the

“ country. We have bought a col-
 “ lection of hideous masks, that we may
 “ make some little *fun* in getting the
 “ servants to frighten the Welsh pea-
 “ sants out of their wits ; for she says,
 “ they are the most credulous people in
 “ the world.

“ Lloyd and the servants set out im-
 “ mediately ; my father follows on Mon-
 “ day, and we bring up the rear. Tell
 “ Lloyd to be sure to remember what I
 “ said about my room, not to fix on
 “ one to the south, for I detest the sun
 “ in a morning.

“ Good gracious ! Lady Westerton
 “ has got a son at last ; every body re-
 “ joices ! to be sure, wonders will never
 “ cease. Excuse all blunders. I write
 “ in the greatest haste imaginable, for I
 “ have hundreds of visits to make, and a
 “ thou-

“ thousand engagements, before I can

“ possibly leave town.

“ Adieu, NED.

“ Ever yours,

“ CECILIA MARGAM.

“ Horrid news since you left town.

“ Lord Cue completely dish’d—Sir Si-

“ mon Dasher quite smash’d — Lady

“ Dreadnought ruined — justices

“ knocked up the tables!—nothing but

“ confusion!—Schemer going to plead

“ bankruptcy to save himself—half the

“ world will be ruined. Thank Hea-

“ ven, I always hated and detested cards

“ and gaming!”

Lord Margam rejoiced at the intelligence which this letter conveyed; yet he sighed when he had finished reading it. He hastened to Glendarran House,

to communicate to its inhabitants the pleasure he felt in the idea of so soon being able to visit them without restraint. The idea of a scene of gaiety had various pleasures to youthful minds; and the Miss Llewellyns were admirably formed to enjoy society; therefore they awaited the arrival of the family at the Castle with impatience.

CHAP. IV.

"Ever charming, ever new,

"When will the landscape tire the view?"

DYER.

LORD Glendarran quitted London at the time appointed, with all proper decorum, and arrived at Glendarran Castle without any particular inconvenience.

Lady Cecilia, who left town the day after her father, was accompanied by Mrs. Gunnings and her two beautiful, accomplished daughters.

Lady Cecilia's most elegant Abigail, Madame Chapone, with her attendant, Jenny, and a maid of Mrs. Gunnings.

(not worthy to be recorded in history), constituted their retinue; and three footmen formed their cavalcade.

Lady Cecilia, on her approach to the land of her ancestors, was astonished at the grandeur of the scenery. "Ah!" exclaimed Mrs. Gunnings, "I knew that your Ladyship would be entranced with Wales! nothing certainly ever was so heavenly — do view those fertile vales, as Thomson beautifully expresses it,

"Rich with the product of the varying years."

"And, oh that verdant mead! See, Lady Cecilia! Count those numberless flocks of sheep that repose on its fragrant carpet. Really, I am quite transported with the country! Wales certainly reminds me of the golden age,

“age, and the millennium, and all the
 “beautiful things that one reads of in
 “history.”

“Indeed it is quite enchanting,” replied her Ladyship; exclaiming, as they passed a church-yard, “See, Mrs. Gummings! only see what neat people! they make a garden of the church-yard.”

“That,” said Mrs. Gummings, “is a Welsh custom which I forgot to tell your Ladyship of. Every lover, or friend, I assure you, strews the grave of the departed with flowers.”

“Then I am determined,” protested Lady Cecilia, “to die in Wales! Oh, how beautiful to have one’s grave strewed with flowers!”

“And then,” continued Mrs. Gummings, “they renew them weekly; a
 c 5 “lover,

“lover, or a widow, in Wales, think
 “nothing of riding ten miles, at all
 “seasons, to adorn their beloved’s
 “grave!”

“Delightful!” exclaimed Lady Cecilia: “how I should rejoice to see poor
 “Lord Peppermint, or little Colonel
 “Epaulette, riding on one of these
 “Alps, through a rattling thunder-
 “storm on a Welsh poney, with a leek
 “in his hat, to strew my grave with
 “flowers!--ha! ha! ha!--or, poor faith-
 “ful souls, after they had paid their
 “respects to my happy shade, to see
 “them lose their road in a snow-drift,
 “or break their necks down one of
 “those precipices!--ha! ha! ha!--Posi-
 “tively I shall expire with laughing!
 “Oh, how droll it would be! would it
 “not?”

“Very,”

"*Very*," replied Miss Emma Gannings, whilst her elder sister joined in the vociferous laugh of her Ladyship, and prolonged it by saying—

"*Oh, the sweet dear creatures!*"

In such amusing and instructive conversation did our fair travellers beguile the time; Lady Cecilia enraptured with every fine prospect, when pointed out by the still more enraptured Mrs. Gannings; who communicating her feelings to her associates, constantly received from Miss Emma the assent of "*Very beautiful indeed!*" whilst her elder daughter frequently remarked, that "*she wished she could see as many smart fellows as mountains; and that if they did not multiply, she feared she should soon grow tired of Arcadia.*"

Lady Cecilia enlivened them at all proper intervals, namely, whenever she herself spoke, with *laughter*, which, if it had not the effect of exhilarating their spirits, at least prevented them from sleeping.

They at length arrived within a day's journey of Glendarran; where Lady Cecilia declared she would constantly reside, if she could persuade *some of the world to retire with her*. She formed a thousand imaginary schemes for *permanent pleasures, everlasting entertainment, and perfect happiness*; but soon received a conviction of their futility when they arrived at the inn where they meant to sleep, by the landlord's approaching with a profound bow, in most obsequious sorrow, to acquaint them that his house
was

was so full he could not possibly accommodate them.

“ Oh !” exclaimed Lady Cecilia, “ tell
“ the people we must have room.”

The landlord, in an exquisite tone of grief, replied, that it was the Duke of Monmouth’s family which filled his house ; therefore it was *utterly impossible* to receive them ; but assured her Ladyship, that he had another house only ten miles distant, which they would find equally good ; remarking, that as the moon was bright, and the night extremely warm, he hoped they would have no objection to proceeding, for he would provide excellent horses, and safe guides who were accustomed to the road.

After much anger, lamentation, and consultation among the ladies, as there
appeared

appeared to be no alternative, they resolved to proceed; Lady Cecilia *horridly provoked* at being turned out of a *dirty inn*; while Miss Gunnings observed, that she had certainly travelled later, but that there was an amazing difference between riding late in the town and in the country.

"Yes, to be sure there is," added her Ladyship; "here we shall meet nothing for ten miles in the dark!—Landlord, are the guides ready?"

"They are, Madam," he replied; "I have provided three, that your Ladyships might fancy yourselves quite safe."

"*Three, man!*" exclaimed Lady Cecilia; "I am determined to have fix at least." To which the landlord, who acquiesced readily in her Ladyship's opinion,

nion, assented. Three more men were speedily found, and they set out.

Mrs. Gunnings began to tell stories of benighted travellers; her younger daughter exclaiming, at the conclusion of every doleful tale, "*Dear me, how shocking!*" Lady Cecilia screaming every time the coach jolted, and Miss Gunnings (as a mean of silencing Mrs. Gunnings's eloquence) crying, "Lord, mother, what stuff! it's enough to petrify one!"

In the intervals of silence, each sat trembling at the phantoms of her own imagination, till the lightning, which now darted in vivid flashes, afforded some real cause for alarm. Lady Cecilia declared, that she would no longer remain in the coach; but the thunder becoming louder every moment, and a

tre-

tremendous shower falling, prevented her from executing her intentions. She then insisted upon having all the windows down, affirming *that glass attracted the lightning*; Mrs. Gunnings said, that an eminent *philosopher* assured her that glass repelled it.—The assertions of all the philosophers in the kingdom would have had little effect on her opponent, who persisted in having all the windows down; by which means they had a current of air from three points, and the rain beating in upon them till they were completely wet.

Terror had taken entire possession of the mind of every female of the party, when the coach suddenly stopped. The postillions endeavoured to silence Lady Cecilia's screams, by assuring her that
there

there was *nothing the matter*, only one of the traces was broken, and they must take off a pair of horses. The rain now abated, and, as she leaned forward to give directions, she beheld that they were riding along the side of a steep mountain; she started to the other side of the carriage, declaring that they must all be lost, when she perceived the *sea* rolling its tempestuous billows, mountains high, against the cliff on whose summit they were. Her ungoverned fear, at that moment, seemed approaching to madness. She insisted upon returning; but was informed that it was impossible to turn the carriages; however, all agreed that it was most prudent to walk, notwithstanding the guides insisted upon it, that “it was as *safe, good*
“*a road*, as ever was travelled, and they
“ had

“ had gone it hundreds of times in the
 “ dark.”

Lady Cecilia had still sufficient power to lavish on them such terms of reproach as she thought them entitled to for their insolent assertions, and for *daring to bring her such a road*. In spite of her Ladyship's opinion, or alarms, they persisted in *what they knew to be true*, till, wearied by her screams, reproaches, and exclamations at every step, one of them said—

“ D—I take me, if ever I do go in
 “ the dark with ladies any more ! for
 “ they have such whims, and such frights,
 “ and such fancies, that it's enough to
 “ drive a pody mad ; and do make such
 “ screamings, when the road's as safe,
 “ and as good, and as straight forward,
 “ as

“ as going over Newport pridge ! and
 “ the night is as good a night as a sober
 “ pody need to go out in for safety—
 “ if you would but a fat still, and kept
 “ out a the rain.”

They all replied to his *brutal speech* as they thought it deserved, persevering in attempting to walk, and trembling with apprehensions, to which their real situation, heightened by their imaginations, gave such various forms, that there was no danger within the limits of possibility which they did not expect to encounter.

Lady Cecilia at last declared, that they should all be *murdered*; which, though Mrs. Gunnings was not wholly free from the suspicion of, yet perceived the extreme danger of betraying such a fear, as they had only three men servants
 of

of their own; therefore whispering Lady Cecilia, "For Heaven's sake, if you have any value for your life, be silent," she attempted to speak very kindly to the guides, who seemed so much displeased by their behaviour, that it produced no effect, nor even obtained from them a civil reply.

A fog (which in the situation they were in is a very serious misfortune) soon came on; when, as the moon was nearly down, the postillions said, *they could not go on*. It was in vain that the ladies or their servants remonstrated; the guides affected to perform their office by attempting to explore the sands; but the storm had moved them, and the path was no more. They said that they could do nothing but go to a cottage which was near, where they were cer-

certain they could take the ladies very safely, as they often did travellers, when the sands moved, till they could make a new track ; which they could not then do.

“ Oh, mercy ! mercy ! ” exclaimed Lady Cecilia.

“ Stop ! ” tremblingly cried Mrs. Gunnings ; “ guides, we will remain “ in the carriages.”

The men muttered amongst themselves in Welsh, and did not oppose Mrs. Gunnings’s executing her intention : which Lady Cecilia and the rest effected by the help of their own servants, who placed them in the carriages.

The guide who had before spoken, thinking that the ladies would not get out again, said, after whispering to one of his fellows—

“ Your

“ Your Ladyships may like it very
 “ well for to stay in the coaches all
 “ night, put it will never do for poor
 “ fellows ; no, indeed ! so we must go
 “ for to get a pit of sleep, whilst your
 “ Ladyships may have a snug nap here
 “ if you do like it.”

No remonfrance was made by them ;
 therefore leaving the postillions, the
 guides departed, saying, “ Good night,
 “ my ladies ; we shall pe put just py, so
 “ we will come to you if you do want
 “ us.”

When the ladies no longer heard
 the voices of their guides, their terrors
 increased ; and seeing the impossibility
 of escaping, or being unable, from ex-
 cess of terror, to form any plan, they sat
 in a state of the most dreadful horror
 and expectation.

At

At length they heard the guides approach, saying to the postillions, " Now
 " move on, you may come this way very
 " safe." Quietly submitting to their
 fate, they moved slowly on till——

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

" But all the story of the night told o'er,
 " And all their minds transfigur'd so together,
 " More witnesseth than fancy's images,
 " And grows to something of great constancy;
 " But howsoever strange and admirable."

SHAKSPEARE.

AT length, the sun appearing, they
 discovered a neat little cottage, where
 Lady Cecilia insisted on the postillions'
 stopping. In vain did Mrs. Gunnings
 remonstrate, and the guides assure her
 it was only a mile to the inn. She de-
 clared, that the *whole world* should not
 persuade her to go an inch farther;
 and that her head ached so violently,
 she was certain a fever must inevitably
 ensue:

ensue: she therefore persisted in having the people of the cottage called up, and being put to bed instantly, as "she was sure nothing else could save her life."

The sound of the carriages had already awakened the cottagers. A little girl soon opened the door; and Lady Cecilia, resigning herself to the care of her Abigails, had only resolution to whisper—"Put me to bed this moment." Their conductor led them into a small neat parlour, in one corner of which stood a bed, whose apparent cleanliness was considered by Madame Chapone and Jenny as a sufficient justification for obeying their mistress's orders with all possible expedition.—Mrs. Gunnings determined to proceed

to the inn, leaving Lady Cecilia to the care of her maids.

The fright and real fatigue which Lady Cecilia had undergone, soon produced a very sound sleep. When Madame Chapone and Jenny enjoyed the delight of thinking only of themselves, it was mutually agreed, that nothing could be more reviving than a cup of tea; which the good owner of the cottage expressed her pleasure in being able to give them, in a manner which is now only confined to the vulgar, having long been laid aside by those who entertain none but *good company*. The best tea-cups were carefully handed down from their station in the cupboard; little Phoebe fanned the cheerful fire; and her mother, amidst her

various preparations for this important meal, listened, with silent wonder, to the horrible accounts which her guests were amusing themselves by relating, of the perils and dangers they had encountered. Unable to conceal her knowledge, she exclaimed—

“ Cot pless you, my ladies—why it
 “ was fairies!—that is the very way
 “ they do serve people ; Cot be praised
 “ that you are got away from them so
 “ soon! for sometimes they do keep a
 “ pody for fix months, or twelve
 “ months! and do take them through
 “ *priars* and *pogs*, and such places as
 “ none but the devil do know where to
 “ find.”

“ Devil and fairies!” cried Mrs.
 Chapone; “ what do you mean, wo-
 “ man? Why, is there really such
 “ things

“ things in Wales as Queen Mab and
 “ King O’Brion, and all the sweet
 “ little fairies that one reads of in
 “ *Sheekspeer*? and that one sees peo-
 “ ple make believe to play at the
 “ theatre?”

“ ’Mighty knows how far they may
 “ gang,” replied her informant; “ but
 “ it would be a creat mercy if they’d
 “ never come into Wales no more, to
 “ plague poor honest people from
 “ morning till night.”

“ Then they really do live in Wales!”
 emphatically rejoined Mrs. Chapone,
 twirling her tea-cup, and inadvertently
 demolishing the fortune which long ha-
 bit and a full conviction of its infalli-
 bility induced her to look for in the
 mysterious figures of the tea-leaves,
 twice a day at least; and which not
 Queen

Queen Mab herself could exceed Mrs. Jenny in developing—" They really " do live in Wales!—and pray what " colour is Queen Mab's gown?"—" Green," answered Jenny.

" Pooh, pooh!" exclaimed Mrs. Chapone, " don't puzzle the woman, " Jenny. Pink and silver, child, you " know, is the proper dress—green is " only what the fairies wear."

" *Yes, indeed!*" added the Welsh-woman*; " and a high-crowned hat, " for certain, they do wear, and huge " cravats the *men* do wear; and they " do look like people that lived a " thousand years ago!—*yes, indeed!* " and they do dance, and sing, put " nobody could never learn their tunes;

* See the Rev. — Jones's invaluable account of the Welsh Fairies, lately published.

“ and they do quarrel, and fight, for
“ everlasting; and they do know every
“ thing that ever was, or that ever
“ shall be. Put if you did never read
“ Mr. Jones’s book, you can never
“ believe half that I could tell you
“ about them.”

This harangue upon fairies would probably have continued much longer, to the great edification of our Abigails, had not a scream from Lady Cecilia interrupted it.

They immediately ran to her, and found her *lifeless*; a little boy was standing by the bed, who sobbed out—
“ Lady dead, too.”

“ Oh, my poor Bobby!” exclaimed his mother; “ this is the very ped as he
“ did die in put yesterday morning!—
“ blessings

“pleffings on his foul! for he was the
“pest of lads!”

Grief here overpowered her speaking faculties; but the groans she sent forth, and the actions of the children, who clung round her, plainly informed Mrs. Chapone and Jenny, that their lady was actually in a bed from whence a corpse had been taken the night before. The little boy, whom we mentioned, had informed her Ladyship of this very innocently, just as she awoke. The intelligence might reasonably have shocked a person with a stronger mind, and better regulated ideas, than poor Lady Cecilia could boast. The scream which she sent forth preceded a state of absolute insensibility, from which the efforts of her maids, however, soon restored her; and on the first return of

D 4

life,

life, she sprang from the bed with an alacrity which returning recollection naturally produced. Her restoration aroused the weeping mother, who possessed so much natural philosophy as to know that her sorrows ought not to prevent her from performing her duty to her superiors; therefore, wiping her own eyes, and those of her children, she followed Lady Cecilia to the carriage to which she ran, and entreated that she would not go away without eating and drinking: concluding her request with—"Do, my Lady, let me fetch you some gin."

"Gin! you horrid woman!" exclaimed Lady Cecilia; "do you think I could drink gin? I'll have you prosecuted for your wickedness; and if I spend half my fortune, I'm determined

"terminated

“terminated to make an example of you
“to the world, for such an outrage to
“human nature as you have committed.—Where’s Mrs. Gunnings, Chapone? and where is the rest of the
“party?—come in this instant! and
“order the postillions to drive as fast as
“possible.”

“Where to, my Lady?”

“Where?—any where!—to the
“world’s end; so that you will take
“me out of this horrid country.”

Chapone, when she ceased speaking, informed her where Mrs. Gunnings was gone; adding, “How much, my
“Lady, must I give the woman?” to which she, in utter astonishment, replied—

“Give her?—why, you idiot! do
“you think I would give her any
“thing?”

“ thing ? Do you think I would give
 “ any thing to a creature who has rob-
 “ bed me of my peace of mind for
 “ ever ? for whilst I live, never shall I
 “ be able to sleep in a bed again. Do
 “ you think I would encourage such a
 “ wretch ?—Drive on this instant !”

Her orders were obeyed so instantane-
 ously, that they prevented her from
 hearing the petitions for mercy, or pro-
 testations of innocence, which the poor
 owner of the cottage continued to make,
 till they were out of sight.

We must now leave her in all the
 trouble and distress of which a human
 being is susceptible, oppressed by the
 idea of having offended a superior,
 possessing supposed power to ruin and
 destroy ; unsupported by, because un-
 accustomed to exert that dignity of
 mind

mind which is the true concomitant of innocence.

But, alas ! Jenny Jones was no philosopher : her only resource in this perilous situation was to go to her landlord, Sir Edwin Lloyd ; from whom the complaints of the distressed always met with that attention which was strictly their due. Already acquainted with Jenny Jones's case, we may safely leave to our reader's imagination the reception she met with from a just and humane man.

The travellers who assembled at the inn were detained some time by talking over the various and uncommon adventures of the night ; but at length proceeded towards Glendarran, from which they were distant only nine miles.

Nothing remarkable occurred in the remainder of the journey, till they came within sight of the battlements of the castle; when the servants, according to ancient custom, began firing the cannon, to announce the arrival of the mistress of the place. The horses taking fright, the ladies awoke from the slumber in which they agreed to indulge, and a scene of dreadful terror and confusion succeeded. The servants, who beheld the effect of their zeal, hastened to rescue the travellers from danger, which they effected, to the great satisfaction of the ladies, and the utter destruction of the true sublimity of this story.

It has frequently been remarked, that people bear an impression of the cause by which they are awakened during the day.

We

We read, in modern history, of a sagacious philosopher, who had his nurses taught to play on the flute, by whose mellifluous sounds his children were constantly made sensible of the approach of day; which was the occasion of their being the sweetest tempered youths of the age they adorned. Now these cannon being of so pestiferous a nature, and altogether so vehement and unharmonious, a very rational and natural reason arises why Lady Cecilia and her companions, when they were actually safely seated in the drawing-room at Glendarran Castle, were not in the best of all possible tempers. Lord Margam was amongst the foremost to welcome his sister; and the first on whom she began to vent her wrath, for being the

oc-

occasion of her having encountered such dangers and difficulties as she was convinced no human being had ever experienced before.

In vain did he attempt to pacify her. The mind that never was accustomed to control, that never knew what it was to suffer a hardship, or endure distress, could not easily regain its proper tone, after such a journey as Lady Cecilia had just escaped from; even if the cannon had not fired. To those who have travelled much, the accidents we have related may appear very trivial; and it is even possible that her Ladyship's terrors, and representations of them, may appear very unnatural. Some few, we trust, there are, who will give credit to this true and faithful narrative of the journey of a fine lady

lady from London to Glendarran Castle, in South Wales.

To follow her through the day, in which she gave her father a circumstantial detail of the perils she had encountered; to relate her expressions of anger to her brother, for bringing her into such a horrid country, and her various protestations, that, if once she got safe out of it, *not all the world* should induce her to see it again;—to repeat her exclamations as she entered the hall at Glendarran; the gradual increase from surprise to disgust which she expressed as she passed by the monuments of ancient hospitality, and the numerous causes which excited it, before she arrived at the drawing-room; would require a great exertion
of

of the powers of memory in us, and perhaps be tedious to our readers.

Mrs. Gunnings, after she had been seated half an hour, began descanting on the beauties of ancient houses and ancient furniture; the *grandeur* of velvet window-curtains, and stamped leather hangings; the *richness* of the tapestry in the rooms they had passed through; the *solemnity* of the great gallery; the *noble aspect* of every thing at Glendarran; the *beauties* of the park; the *comforts* of the house; and finally, her great admiration of every thing ancient; adding, that they were well rewarded by the sight of Glendarran, for all the danger they had encountered on their journey to it.

Lord Glendarran made a profound bow; Lord Margam turned on his heel;

heel, and smiled; and Lady Cecilia, who had thrown herself on a velvet sofa, from whence the papers had not before that day been unpinned for fifteen years, exclaimed—" Well, it does
 " not signify talking, for I never can
 " make myself comfortable at this
 " place! I'm sure it's utterly *impossible*
 " to be free and easy! I detest every
 " thing old! and as to all this rubbish
 " of gilt chairs and tattered fringes,
 " it's fit for nothing but to make a fire
 " of. Look at this horrid, detestable,
 " old sofa! Did any creature ever see
 " such an uncomfortable thing? In-
 " deed, my Lord, I will have it all
 " new furnished instantly, or nothing
 " in the world shall make me stay
 " here."

" Well,

“ Well, my dear, try to compose
 “ yourself,” interrupted Lord Glen-
 darran; “ I have more important af-
 “ fairs to engage my attention, as
 “ you well know; make the place
 “ agreeable to yourself, and it will be
 “ perfectly so to me; you know that
 “ it will be entirely your own in a few
 “ months; you may, therefore, amuse
 “ yourself by making what alterations
 “ you think proper.”

“ Oh !” exclaimed she, “ I’ll have a
 “ total revolution. For Heaven’s sake,
 “ Ned, what are those *diabolical*
 “ *figures*, staring enough to frighten
 “ one out of one’s senses, in that vile
 “ gallery ?”

“ Pray come and look at them again,
 “ sister,” returned Lord Margam;
 “ surely

“ surely you don’t mean that fine collection of portraits ?”

They immediately repaired to the gallery ; but Lady Cecilia retained her first prepossessions, and protested,

“ Not a mother’s child shall remain !
“ they shall every one be handed down,
“ I promise their ladyships ! did any
“ mortal ever behold such frights as
“ these women ! For Heaven’s sake, Ned,
“ what immense horrid creature is
“ this ?”

“ Why, Cecilia,” exclaimed Lord Margam, “ take care that her ghost
“ does not rise to upbraid you for your
“ want of taste, for she is nothing less
“ than Nest, daughter of Justin-ap-Gwer-
“ gant, Lord of Glamorgan ! the match-
“ less beauty, whom the invincible Fitz-
“ Hamon

“ Hamon encountered the whole county
“ to obtain.”

“ Then the man was a fool,” cried
Lady Cecilia ; “ she a beauty !”

“ Look at her features.”

“ Why, to be sure, her features may
“ be beautiful ; but what signifies what
“ her face is, with such a dress as that ?
“ She shall hang there no longer, I
“ assure you. And who, pray, are all
“ those quizzes in long wigs, and those
“ things in armour, just like the ghost in
“ Hamlet ?”

“ They are your immortal ancestors,
“ child,” replied Lord Margam, from
whom their ludicrous appearance in
these times forced a smile, as he lifted
his eyes to them, notwithstanding the ve-
neration which he felt, when he con-
templated their characters.

To

To his answer Lady Cecilia rejoined,
 “ Ancestors ! what the deuce do I
 “ care for my ancestors ! Did any crea-
 “ ture ever see such a collection of
 “ Goths ? I’m positive I never can live
 “ in this house ! why, I would not come
 “ into this great horrid gallery, with the
 “ moon shining in at that monstrous ca-
 “ thedral window, for the universe.”

This Lord Margam did not attempt to controvert, by offering her any part of it for so doing ; believing, that a few days would probably change her Ladyship’s opinion ; he therefore permitted her to enjoy the disgust which he foresaw *might* subside.

Eating and complaining engaged Lady Cecilia till night, when fatigue and heaviness obliged her to move to her bed-room : but the height of the apartment ;

apartment; the terrific figures on the tapestry, with which it was hung; the bed, composed of purple broad-cloth, embroidered with yellow silk, with the tester fastened to the ceiling, whilst the superb counterpane of white satin, embossed with knights and ladies ornamented with real pearls, and all the grandeur of the room, was ill suited to the taste of Lady Cecilia, and little calculated to make her renounce the opinion she expressed in the morning, that she “ never could sleep in a bed again.”

“ Is Mrs. Gunnings’s room any better ?” she asked the old housekeeper who attended her.

“ Oh no, my Lady,” replied she; “ it is impossible for any body in this mortal world to have a better room than this ! Mrs. Gunnings has got
“ the

“ the king’s room, and the two Misses
 “ has got the council-chamber and the
 “ haunted room ; but I hope, my Lady,
 “ you won’t tell her so ; for though, to
 “ be sure, I don’t believe in no ghosts
 “ nor fairies myself, it might frighten
 “ the young lady. I thought for fartin
 “ as they would sleep together, being
 “ as they are sisters ; put Mrs. Chapone
 “ says, as it is not the fashion for no-
 “ body to sleep together now-a-days ;
 “ so I asked Miss if she minded sleeping
 “ in the gold room, at the other end of
 “ the gallery ; but she said, she must
 “ have a room next to her sister’s, so I
 “ was forced to put her in the haunted
 “ room. Put you know, my Lady, if
 “ she does not know nothing about it,
 “ why, there’s no harm done, for I
 “ dare say shee’ll never find it out of her
 “ own

“ own head, and I’m sure I shall never
 “ tell her ; for perhaps it may be only a
 “ story at last about my Lady Frances ap-
 “ Gillivan’s being murdered there, and
 “ her eyes jumping, one up the chim-
 “ ney, and the other through the key-
 “ hole, and wandering about till her
 “ bones shall be found, and have chris-
 “ tian burial. To be sure, folks do say,
 “ as they have seen lights in the great
 “ gallery, and sometimes it do fix on
 “ one picture of a man with a drawn
 “ sword in his hand, as they say had
 “ some concerns in the murder. Yes,
 “ indeed ! put for *my part*, I never be-
 “ lieves no such things—I’m sure the
 “ room’s a very *helegunt*, grand room,
 “ and I hope Miss’ll have a good night,
 “ and I wishes your Ladyship a very
 “ good

"good night." So saying, Mrs. Rees made her courtesy, and departed.

Lady Cecilia, finding, from her own maids, that all the rooms were "in the same Gothical style," submitted to necessity, and only insisted upon their sitting up with her all night.

CHAP. VI.

" Oh the golden days we now possess,

" Far exceed the boasted days of good Queen Bess!"

LADY Cecilia enjoyed uninterrupted repose from the time she went to bed till nine o'clock the next morning, when a footman tapped at her door, announcing to Mrs. Chapone the arrival of a Lady Winifred-ap-Tagno, who had sent up her name. " Go down this moment, Robert, and let her in," said she, in a whisper; " for I'm tired to death with sitting all night in that filthy old straight-backed chair, and it will be a nice excuse for me to waken my Lady;" which she accordingly did, and informed her, " that a
" Lady

“ Lady ap something had been come
 “ this hour, but she thought it a pity to
 “ disturb her before.” Lady Cecilia
 rubbed her eyes, and exclaimed, “ And
 “ what the deuce did you disturb me for
 “ now ? Heaven preserve me ! come to
 “ call upon one at this time in a morn-
 “ ing ! Why, the woman must be mad,
 “ to be sure ; no creature in their senses
 “ ever heard of such a thing.”

“ Oh, my Lady,” interrupted Mrs.
 Chapone, “ I do assure your Ladyship,
 “ that when I lived with Lady John
 “ Juniper, all the world used to call in
 “ a morning before her Ladyship was
 “ out of bed ; but, dear me, my Lady,
 “ she never thought of stirring an inch
 “ for any body : if she was awake, and
 “ in a good humour, she would just be at
 “ home to any body that was a parti-

“cular favourite. Really, your Lady-
 “ship is so delicate, and so fatigued
 “with such adventures as you have
 “gone through, that you have need to
 “lie in bed for a week, instead of being
 “disturbed in this Gothical manner; but
 “if your Ladyship would chuse to be
 “at home to this lady, suppose I go and
 “order Robert to desire her to walk up
 “stairs?”

“No! no such thing,” answered Lady
 Cecilia; “I would not see any christian
 “in such a room as this for the uni-
 “verse, and I hate old dowagers any
 “where. I have heard my father talk
 “of this Lady Winifred as being an
 “amazing good sort of a woman; but,
 “Lord, what an *immense Goth* she must
 “be! Go, fly this instant, and say I’m
 “not at home; the woman must be
 “mad!

“mad ! Fly, I say ! and don’t let me
 “be disturbed again till I call, for the
 “world.”

Poor Mrs. Chapone, disappointed in her scheme of escaping from her mistress’s room, that she might indulge her darling passion, curiosity, by viewing all the wonders and beauties of the place ; besides enjoying a little conversation with Mr. Whiting and Mr. Scraper ; now walked despairingly out of the room to obey Lady Cecilia’s orders. After losing herself five times, she fortunately arrived at Mrs. Rees’s apartment, where Mr. Scraper received her with infinite politeness, and fully rewarded her, by his kind expression of love and admiration, for all the miseries she endured. Inferior to no gentleman in his obedience to the commands of the ladies, he displayed in a very elegant

manner the polite condescension of his sex, in calling a footman, and saving Mrs. Chapone the trouble of repeating her mistress's orders to him.

The man, knowing that the lady was admitted to Lord Glendarran, strutted away mechanically, and repeated, " My Lady's not at home," *in very good style.*

Lady Winifred-ap-Tagno looked aghast. Lord Glendarran smiled, and began to make a hundred apologies in the old style, which he retained sufficiently to recollect, that since he last saw Lady Winifred, *style was altered*, and that modern manners must appear a little strange to a woman who had never quitted her native mountains in that time. She, on her part, very good naturedly accepted his apologies, observing,

serving, "that poor Lady Cecilia must
 "doubtless be very much fatigued, by
 "such a long journey, and it was *very*
 "*excusable* in her to lie in bed so long."

Lord Glendarran invited her to breakfast with him; but she declined it, informing him, "that she had taken hers
 "an hour before she left home, and
 "never ate between breakfast and dinner, on any account."

Lady Winifred concluded her conversation with so cordial a request to Lord Glendarran to dine with her the next day, and "bring all his family," that his Lordship could not possibly refuse. Indeed, he received the invitation with much pleasure, as she told him that all her neighbours were to assemble at her house; he considered it a good opportunity for his daughter to be introduced to

them, it being his private intention that she should reside at Glendarran. The society of any woman was really esteemed by his Lordship as very *frivolous* and *vexatious*, and the natural incumbrance of a daughter an evil which he much wished to get rid of in an honourable way. During her infancy, after it had pleased death to take his wife, he enjoyed some years of uninterrupted contentment, having nothing to prevent his serious cogitations, or interrupt his multifarious and important employments. But now Lady Cecilia was *come out*, and, with a very strong constitution, and gay disposition, completely her own mistress, the plans for amusement which she continually formed, the round of company she was for ever engaged with, and the confusion she

she made in his house, were so distressing to a profound politician, that he thought, like many wise men in similar situations, it would be much better for her to be mistress of her own house than his. Glandarran therefore, being a place where she so soon would have a legal right to be mistress, his Lordship resolved to introduce her to it, in hopes that she might *take a fancy* to live there; at least she might amuse herself by altering every room in it, giving as many balls and *fête-champêtres* as she pleased, without erecting a room on purpose, while all her whims would be gratified at her own expense. For all these reasons his Lordship generously determined to give up so much of his time from public affairs; in order to accompany her, and, at least, to make the experiment.

CHAP. VII.

"The gawdy gloss of fortune only strikes

"The vulgar eye; the suffrage of the wise,

"The praise that's worth ambition, is obtain'd

"By sense alone, and dignity of mind."

ARMSTRONG.

SOON after Lady Cecilia made her appearance, and the whole party assembled in the breakfast-room at Glendarran Castle, the Miss Llewellyns were announced. The ease and elegance of their manners appeared a little astonishing to Lady Cecilia, who had always understood that nobody *out of the world* could possibly have an idea of either. She first thought that it must be a *natural vulgarity* which produced such total unconstraint as she observed in them;

them; but Mrs. Gunnings and her daughters seeming much disposed to enter into conversation with them, and her brother's very particular introduction of them as daughters of his father's intimate friend, and as neighbours, with whom he was convinced she would be happy to cultivate an intimacy, induced her to view them in a less supercilious manner; and she discovered before the day was over, which they were prevailed on to spend at the Castle, that there is a certain native dignity which no art can give, and no superiority of rank or fortune can awe. The day was employed in looking over the house, and Lady Cecilia began to find some amusement in designing what new and elegant furniture should supply the place of the substantial specimens of the taste of

her ancestors. Charlotte Llewellyn was asked by her, "if she ever did see
 "such a horrid collection of Gothic
 "trumpery?" to which she replied,
 "that there were many things in the
 "house which *she* preferred to any modern ornaments she ever saw, and
 "that many parts of it were esteemed as
 "beautiful specimens of real taste as
 "existed in this kingdom; but certainly
 "there was a formality in the whole,
 "which prevented it from being an
 "agreeable family residence: therefore,
 "if she was in Lady Cecilia's situation,
 "she should alter some of the rooms."—
 "Oh," exclaimed she, "there is not a
 "closet in it but I will have ransacked,
 "and every atom of the lumber tossed
 "out of the windows!"

Charlotte smiled, and asked her what
 she

she really meant to do with it ; remark-
ing, what an immense expense it would
be to new-furnish such a large house.

“ Oh,” replied her Ladyship, “ I’ll
“ have it all thrown into the attics; and
“ as to the expense, I shall never think of
“ that, for you know it is impossible for
“ me to spend six thousand a year my-
“ self; I must therefore do something
“ with it. I’m resolved to have all that
“ horrid tapestry in the great drawing-
“ room knocked down, and a paper in-
“ vented on purpose, with broad gold
“ stripes, and something of a border,
“ like nothing that ever was seen before;
“ window-curtains of white satin, orna-
“ mented somehow with draperies of
“ gold net, in the most beautiful man-
“ ner that ever mortal invented; and,
“ in short, I am determined, that, if it is
“ possible

" possible to live here, I will have the
 " whole house fitted up in such a style,
 " as to surpass every thing in existence !
 " One thing I am resolved upon, and
 " that is, to have the most fascinating
 " carpets invented that ever were
 " thought of :—only consider ! all our
 " charades and caricatures ! is not it an
 " immense lucky idea ! oh, it will be
 " the most entertaining thing in the
 " world ! because when one is tired to
 " death with sitting on one chair, one
 " shall have fresh amusement only by
 " moving to another : therefore I have
 " often thought, when I have been
 " sitting, not knowing what to think
 " about, and so stupid as you know one
 " is when one's alone, that a charade
 " carpet would be delightful ; and now
 " I have

“ I have a house of my own, I am determined to have some.”

“ Pray, are you fond of walking ?” asked Charlotte, without making any comments on Lady Cecilia’s speech.

“ No ; I detest walking,” replied she ; “ it tires me to death.”—“ Then I fear you do not like dancing,” rejoined the former. “ Oh, yes,” cried Lady Cecilia ; “ I could dance for ever.”

“ I’m glad of it,” was Charlotte’s remark ; adding, “ for we are very fond of dancing in Wales, and you will be delighted to dance to the harp ; for I think when it is accompanied by a good violin, no music can be more agreeable. I suppose you have not seen the banquetting-house yet ?”

“ No,” answered Lady Cecilia ; “ and really, Mrs. Gunnings, if you and
“ Miss

“ Miss Gunnings have no objection,
 “ suppose we take a walk there; for
 “ how is it possible we can exist till
 “ dinner-time? But how far is it? is it
 “ possible that I can walk?”

Lord Margam replied for her, “ Yes,
 “ yes! go and put on your hat; it is
 “ the sweetest situation in the world.”

“ Why, really,” said she, “ the views
 “ from the windows are beautiful; if
 “ the house was fitted up like any thing
 “ in nature, and one could but amuse
 “ one’s self, I should have no objection
 “ to living here.”

The Llewellyns smiled, and Mrs.
 Gunnings exclaimed, “ Oh Lady Ce-
 “ cilia, it is a most magnificent place!”
 —“ I certainly never saw a place in my
 “ life more capable of being made
 “ beautiful,” her eldest daughter re-
 marked;

marked ; in which Miss Emma joined : and every one praising it, as they were capable of discovering its various beauties, her Ladyship began to perceive that it really was a beautiful place.

They walked to the banquetting-house, which she needed not the admiration of any other to form her opinion from, as it was truly beautiful *and modern*. When Miss Llewellyn gratified Lord Margam by complying with his request to play on the harpsichord, whilst Euphemia accompanied her on the harp, she declared she was quite delighted. Lady Cecilia was naturally fond of music, but when solicited to play, declared she had quite left it off ; giving as a reason, “ For since I came out, I really have *had* “ *no time* to practise ; and unless one “ can play as well as Miss Llewellyns “ do,

“do, it’s ridiculous to fit down to an
 “instrument. But how is it possible
 “that you can play in such a manner,
 “who have never learnt in town? I
 “have heard that no masters in the
 “country can possibly teach.”

“We have a very good one,” answered Charlotte; “and we are very
 “fond of music, which I believe is of
 “most consequence.”

“Oh, not the least in the world!”
 exclaimed Miss Gunnings; “I’m posi-
 “tive I had no more ear than a post
 “originally; and yet, you shall hear
 “how I can play. Every body possesses
 “a capability of understanding the
 “notes; therefore it is nothing but ac-
 “quiring a certain air and manner of
 “playing them, to make a good per-
 “former.”

She

She immediately sat down, to convince Miss Llewellyn of this; who, though she certainly thought her performance a most inharmonious, noisy confusion of sounds, and her singing really disgusting, from the loudness of her swells, and the extravagant expression which she endeavoured to give to the most trifling airs, was yet induced by politeness to thank her, and to remark, that her execution was very great.

To which Miss Gunnings replied, "Oh yes, certainly; nobody can teach execution like the town masters, or give any idea of a certain style of singing, which is every thing."

Miss Emma Gunnings displayed her powers; but the ridiculous manner in which she gave a little Italian air, and
the

the ludicrous forms into which she distorted her face, to give it the true pathos, was more than our country ladies could well support, without laughing; Miss Emma, however, did not perceive it, and rose from the harpsichord, convinced that she had sung *divinely*; which, indeed, her mother and sister assured her of, telling her that Gabrielli herself could not possibly have executed the song better.

Lady Cecilia was quite enraptured with this place, and suggested various plans for entertainments, which she would give during the summer. Their walk created a real appetite for dinner; after which, her spirits began to revive so much, that she confessed to her father, that the environs of Glendarran certainly were the most beautiful she ever saw,
but

but so entirely out of the world, and the house such a horrid place, that she feared it was utterly impossible ever to make it agreeable.

“ When you have been accustomed to it, and made what alterations you think proper, it will be so different, that I dare say you will like it very much,” said Lord Glendarran; remarking, “ You see, child, how lively the Miss Llewellyns are, and they never were in town in their lives.”

“ Well, it certainly is very miraculous,” answered she; “ good heavens! Miss Llewellyns, how is it possible that you can be so happy, and find such amusement, so far out of the world? for you really say that you are never dull.”

“ Because we know how to amuse ourselves,” answered Charlotte.

“ Well,

"Well, but here is no amusement!" continued Lady Cecilia; to which she replied, "I believe there is amusement in every thing; my sister and I were so happy, as to be taught how to extract it."

"Oh heavens! I wish you would teach me that art," exclaimed her Ladyship.—"Or me to think so," interrupted Miss Gunnings; "for indeed, Miss Llewellyn, however finely people may talk, and persuade themselves that they are amused, it is a poor kind of amusement; it may be very delightful in theory, but a little experience will inform us, that it requires society, and rational entertainments, to amuse the mind for any length of time. These woods and lawns, and that view

“ view of the sea, may be very fine, and
 “ certainly are very delightful to look
 “ at for half an hour ; but when all
 “ their beauties are discovered, it requires
 “ a little something more to satisfy the
 “ mind, than to look at them again.”

Her sister and Lady Cecilia gave their
 fervent approbation to these wise senti-
 ments, which merely raised a smile of
 contempt in Charlotte Llewellyn. Lord
 Margam and Euphemia, who were
 standing at a window, apart from the
 rest, enjoying the glorious prospect, cast a
 look on each other, which, if converted
 into language, would have expressed,
 “ Then our taste is most erroneous ; for
 “ we could be satisfied with admiring it
 “ for ever.”

Mrs. Gunnings being too much en-
 gaged by flattering Lord Glendarran, to
 attend

“but she wants manners shockingly,” added Miss Gunnings; “I don’t think she is half so handsome as her sister, who would really be beautiful, if she was not so inanimate.”

“Oh!” exclaimed Lady Cecilia, “I protest they are both very handsome; though certainly Euphemia does not seem so lively as her sister, who really is quite divine.”

“Yes, she is quite as lively,” rejoined Lord Margam; “only her vivacity is not so apparent as Miss Llewellyn’s. I think they are very nearly equal in every respect, but Euphemia possesses so much delicacy and timidity, that people do not immediately discover her perfections.”

“Ah, Lord! then they are not worth the search,” interrupted Miss Gunnings;

“if people cannot bring their own per-
 “fections to light, I don’t see what right
 “they have to expect others to give
 “themselves the trouble of discovering
 “them.”

Lord Margam entered into a long dispute on this subject; but as it contained much worldly wisdom on her side, and discovered that he possessed very *erroneous romantic* notions, we shall not trouble our readers by repeating it, as Miss Gunnings’s sentiments would certainly be most universally approved; therefore those who wish to know what they were, may hear them advanced by many hundred elegant women in this kingdom, and assented to by as many very fine gentlemen. Referring them therefore to any fashionable drawing-room, filled with good company, to form a
 perfect

perfect idea of the sentiments of the group at Glendarran Castle, we take leave of them, for the present, to accompany to Glendarran House, those who, like ourselves, may be *rather tired of good company.*

CHAP. VIII.

——— “ Their hearts
“ Have not yet div'd into the world's deceit.”

SHAKESPEARE.

“ **W**ELL, Charlotte, what do you
“ think of our new neighbours ?” was
Euphemia Llewellyn's first question to
her sister when they were alone. To
which she replied—

“ You know, Euphemia, if ever I
“ give an opinion of people on so
“ slight a knowledge as I have of them,
“ I am certain to repent ; but if I was
“ to indulge my propensity to judge
“ hastily, I should say, that I think
“ Lord Glendarran is a very worthy
“ man,

“ man, and Lady Cecilia a very giddy,
 “ foolish young woman, just such a one
 “ as I should expect a woman must be,
 “ who has been educated in the manner
 “ that she has, and always lived in the
 “ gay world. Miss Gunnings is cer-
 “ tainly either very wise or very pedan-
 “ tic, for she displays a great deal of
 “ knowledge; and she has a *manner*, as
 “ she calls it, of delivering her opinions,
 “ which I don’t much admire: but it’s
 “ very foolish to talk in this manner;
 “ we have only seen them one day, and
 “ it is impossible, I think, to form a
 “ just opinion of another in that time;
 “ particularly when the person whom
 “ we judge entertains sentiments dif-
 “ ferent from those we have been ac-
 “ customed to think just; I ought, there-
 “ fore, to beg all their pardons for what

“ I have said, reserving my serious
 “ judgment of their characters till I
 “ am better authorized to form it.”

This conversation was interrupted by the arrival of their father and brother. The manner in which Mr. Llewellyn returned Charlotte's salute so shocked Euphemia, that she felt an instantaneous emotion of horror succeed that joy which filled her mind when she anticipated the sight of her father. Charlotte shed tears, which she felt were tears of disappointment, for she experienced not the emotions which distinguish those of sensibility. It is true, they had very little knowledge of their father; for, since their mother's death, he had only been twice in Wales, and they had not forgotten the severity of his manners; particularly Charlotte, who was two
 years

years older than her sister; but the hope she indulged, that she should be able to conduce to his happiness, and the wish she entertained to perform every duty, led her to believe that her father would be pleased with her best endeavours. Poor Charlotte Llewellyn! we lament for the disappointment which thy fervent imagination must sustain, and the pangs thy heart must suffer, ere thou gaineſt a more complete knowledge of the heart of man! If, however, she felt it impossible to address her father without restraint, the pleasure she experienced in her brother's return was without alloy. They conversed on trifling subjects, which genius and affection rendered interesting, though Mr. Llewellyn appeared negligent of them; merely remarking, that his daugh-

ters were so much grown he scarcely knew them; when, asking some questions relative to the party at the Castle, he took up his bed candle, and wished them good night; complaining of fatigue, and refusing every thing they offered him.

When he was gone, Euphemia could no longer restrain her tears; her brother, with kind solicitude, inquired what was their cause, to which she could only reply, " Oh, Henry!—my father!"—" My dear sister," said he, " pray don't distress yourself, it is only his manner."—" Indeed, indeed, Henry!" rejoined Charlotte, " he cannot love us, " or he never could see us after so long " an absence with such cold indifference!"

" Don't, pray, my dear sisters," kindly added

added he, “ don’t distress yourselves in
 “ this manner; you must recollect your
 “ father’s temper, and make allowances
 “ for it; depend upon it, he has the
 “ greatest love for you; it is impossible
 “ to be otherwise.”

“ God grant it !” said Charlotte,
 wiping her eyes whilst her brother kissed
 her, and tenderly embracing Euphemia,
 bade them good night, recommending
 both to compose themselves and think
 no more of it. This he did in a man-
 ner so tender, that though it would be
 rather awkward for a fine gentleman
 to imitate, rendered by education and
 gallantry superior to such natural effu-
 sions of affection, was nevertheless cha-
 racteristic of a man, and a brother.

CHAP. IX.

———“ What boots it thee
“ To show the rusted buckle that did tie
“ The garter of thy greatest grandfire's knee?”

HALL'S SATIRES.

THE party at Lanfoist Castle (the seat of Lady Winifred-ap-Tagno) was joined by Mr. Llewellyn's and the Glendarran family. Her Ladyship, dressed in state, received them in the true old English style, kissed all the ladies as they entered, and introduced them in proper order to the ancient and honourable group which adorned her drawing-room. One of the principal figures was a Lady Virgilia-ap-Howel, lineally descended from Boadicea on the mother's

ther's side, and claiming a very near relationship to *Howel Daw* through her father. Her Ladyship, who was now the only surviving sprig of this illustrious stock, directed her time and talents from the serious and important studies of making preserves and working chair-bottoms, which had engaged her female ancestors for many generations, to acquire a knowledge of history in general, and of her own family in particular. Her father, who was a very eccentric character, though a man of great learning, had despotically taken her from the tutelage of her mother in early years, notwithstanding she was bringing her very forward in confectionary and tent-stitch. But Lord Caerleon, after discovering that his daughter had a most wonderful genius, and an astonishingly

retentive memory, insisted upon her learning the Roman history *by heart*; that part of it more especially which related to its connexion with her native country. From this early acquaintance with history, a real love for the study, and the ample materials with which Wales furnished her, there was, perhaps, no woman in his Majesty's dominions more thoroughly acquainted with the Roman history, from the time of Romulus to the present day, than Lady Virgilia-ap-Howel.

As Lady Cecilia Margam was the sole surviving female of the Ap-Gwergants, she had long had an earnest desire to see her, and addressed her with—"No-
 " thing has given me half so much
 " pleasure since the discovery of the
 " Roman pavement at Caerwent, as to
 " be-

“ behold your Ladyship, who is now the
 “ only true support of that ancient and
 “ noble house, which it is the honour
 “ and glory of this county to be allied
 “ to.”

Being really at a loss to make a reply, and finding much difficulty in refraining from laughter, poor Lady Cecilia courted and looked pretty ; which, we are fearful, gave rather too insignificant a cast to her features in the opinion of Lady Virgilia, who certainly expected to see something very important in the descendant of Nest, daughter of Justinap-Gwergant : fortunately, however, Lady Winifred proceeded to introduce her to Miss Collivin, Mr. and Mrs. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Ap-Rees, Dr. Morgan, and several of her guests.

When

When dinner was announced, Lady Winifred, to the utter astonishment of our London ladies, walked first out of the room; Lady Virgilia followed, but not without previously saying to Lady Cecilia, “ I feel a little distressed to walk before “ a descendant of the Princess of Crugia; but as our family is lineally descended from the elder branch, propriety requires me to do it.”—Lady Cecilia did not appear at all disposed to dispute this nice point: being so totally ignorant in comparison to her rival, and, in truth, but very superficially acquainted with history, she prudently contented herself with turning to Miss Gunnings, and whispering—

“ Mercy G—d! what Goths! I must “ expire before the day is over!”

“ Don’t let us affront them, my “ dears;

“ dears ; pray try to keep your countenances ; ” kindly recommended Mrs. Gunnings, who heard her speech.

“ Countenances, mother ! pray don’t mention countenances,” exclaimed Miss Gunnings, in a tone loud enough for any of the company to hear, “ unless you wish to make me die with laughing at this illustrious group ! ”

Lady Cecilia caught the idea, and looking at Lady Virgilia’s head-dress and pea-green sack, entered the dining-room in a manner very unbecoming the descendant of the peerless princess, whom she represented in that lady’s imagination.

Henry Llewellyn was placed next to Lady Cecilia at dinner, when it was apparent that she enjoyed her society very much ; for she ate, laughed, and drank

drank wine, in a manner which not Nest herself could have surpassed. The conversation which ensued was rather entertaining to the speakers, than amusive or instructive to the hearers; till Lady Virgilia engaged Dr. Morgan on Roman antiquities; when every one seemed to forego their own subject to attend to theirs, excepting Miss Gunnings, who was giving Lord Margam the anecdotes of Brighton the preceding year; and Lady Cecilia, who was certainly entertaining Henry Elwellyn by her description of their journey from town, which she interspersed with inquiries how he liked the London opera, after being so long in Italy, and various other matters, too important to be suppressed, to listen to the conversation of any lady; till her attention was
at

at last arrested by the high tone in which Lady Virgilia exclaimed, " Sir, I insist upon it that Caractacus was the son of a South Welsh prince."

" Pooh, pooh !" answered Dr. Morgan ; " that's a foolish new-fangled notion, and I don't believe it : Caractacus might perhaps be a person of family, and perhaps not : I don't think it is of much consequence who he was."

" Not of much consequence, Dr. Morgan ! why surely, Dr. Morgan, you are not in your right senses !" exclaimed Lady Virgilia. " Not of much consequence who Caractacus was !"

" Not a farthing'sworth of consequence," persisted he. To which her Ladyship replied, " Why, *Sir* ! I suppose that you will soon say, that it

" was

“ was not of much consequence who
 “ Boadicea was.”

“ Not a bit,” he bluntly replied, “ nor
 “ any such *d—d w—s.*” Her Ladyship
 was perfectly *astounded*.—“ *Sir!*” ex-
 claimed she, when her rage found ut-
 terance, “ what do you mean, Sir? do
 “ you mean to insult my family, *Sir?*”

“ Come, come, Lady Virgilia,” said
 he, “ you know that I have a great re-
 “ spect for *you*; never put yourself in
 “ a passion for such a set of *d—d* rogues
 “ and *b-t—s*, as you know your an-
 “ cestors were, when they murdered my
 “ great grandfather’s grandfather, and
 “ took the estates from him.”—“ It
 “ may be so, but I don’t believe it,” re-
 plied Lady Virgilia; “ but you have in-
 “ sulted my family, *Sir!* and you have
 “ called the honour of my family in
 “ ques-

“ question, which no mortal being, from
 “ the days of Julius Cæsar to the present
 “ moment, ever dared to do before !”

—“ Pray who was *he* ?” impatiently
 interrupted Lady Cecilia.—“ Madam ?”
 exclaimed Lady Virgilia.—“ Who was
 “ Cæsar something ?” continued her in-
 quirer.—“ Really I cannot suppose your
 “ Ladyship so ignorant,” rejoined Lady
 Virgilia.—“ I am happy in the arrival of
 “ your Ladyship in this ancient land,
 “ to support the dignity of your family,
 “ and to make upstarts, and the pro-
 “ geny of Watkin-ap-Rees, know their
 “ situation, and the respect due to their
 “ superiors.”

“ Upon my word, your Ladyship
 “ would have shone at the feast of the
 “ Amazons !” provokingly exclaimed
 Dr. Morgan.—“ I am sure, Sir, you
 “ would

“ would have shone at the feast of the
 “ Quirinalia,” she triumphingly re-
 plied; which so completely disconcerted
 her antagonist, that he prudently de-
 termined, for that day at least, to let
 her Ladyship have the last word; and
 not again remind her of ancient festi-
 vals, permitting her to regain her good
 humour by enjoying her triumph: he
 then turned towards Lord Glendarran,
 and asked, “ What was the opinion of
 “ the cabinet respecting the affairs of
 “ Europe?” and “ whether there really
 “ would or would not be a change in
 “ the ministry?” insinuating many
 shrewd hints contained in a letter on the
 subject, which he had lately received
 from a certain correspondent in town,
 who was very deep in state affairs, and
 so obliging as to give him private intel-
 ligence:

ligence *when any thing secret was stirring.*

His Lordship assured him, that he was

“ perfectly ignorant in all these matters ; ”

and, to the utter astonishment of Dr.

Morgan, and several Welsh squires,

who were present, really seemed to

know much less than themselves of the

measures of the cabinet, or the state of

Europe ; although he had been a privy

counsellor for fifteen years, and had

spent his life in the service of the public.

Indeed, so little did he appear disposed

to engage in the disputes which many

of the gentlemen began to entangle

themselves in, that when the ladies re-

tired, and *rational conversation ensued;*

they were obliged to have recourse to

family anecdotes and old election stories,

to draw Lord Glendarran into any con-

versation relative to politics.

Lady Cecilia, immediately on her arrival in the drawing-room, ran to Miss Llewellyn, to tell her, "That her brother was the handsomest man she ever saw in her life;" adding, "But will he stay in the country? I never shall exist if he departs; for, excepting yourselves, he is the only thing like a Christian in it. Heavens and earth! what shall we do with all these ap-pedigrees? Sally, Sally, do come and make a party in this corner"—calling to Miss Gunnings, who was on the other side of the room; continuing, in a half-whisper as she approached, "do come and sit by us, for I would not listen to that old dowager's outré stories for the universe! let us try to amuse ourselves;" which she immediately began to do by humming a
French

French song, till jumping from her seat, she exclaimed, "*Oh, mon Dieu!*" "here is exactly the same quizzical woman we knocked down at Glendarran this morning."

"Why, my Lady Cecilia Margam," asked in utter astonishment Lady Virgilia, "surely you have not touched the picture of the daughter of Boadicea!"—"Lord, Madam!" returned she, "I'll tell you exactly what I did with it: Miss Gunnings and I, you must know, can shoot very famously (for we practised from morning till night when we were at Twickenham); therefore this morning, having nothing to do, we thought we might as well try our bows; but, alas! we had no butts; which put us in a horrid consternation, till running through the
"great

“ great gallery I was struck with this
 “ odious picture, and a most excellent
 “ thought came into my head, which
 “ was—to make a target of it! Miss
 “ Gunnings was so squeamish, she de-
 “ clared it was shocking to spoil a pic-
 “ ture, but I insisted upon it; and when
 “ I had once shot into it, you know it
 “ did not signify: really nothing ever
 “ was so entertaining as to see how the
 “ very first arrow went into her nose;
 “ upon my honour, it would be amazing
 “ good sport for the country to shoot
 “ the whole collection!”

“ I’ll give you ten thousand guineas
 “ for it, Madam,” fervently exclaimed
 Lady Virgilia; “ I would have given
 “ half my fortune rather than a daugh-
 “ ter of Boadicea should have been
 “ treated in that impious manner!”—

“ Oh,

“ Oh, Lord ! I wish I had known that
 “ any body could possibly have cared a
 “ farthing about her ! ” good-humour-
 edly replied Lady Cecilia ; “ indeed,
 “ she should have been very much at
 “ your service. ” — The dowagers cast a
 look of horror on each other, and turned
 away in real disgust from the heiress of
 Glendarran, to enjoy their rubber of
 whist, in which she refused to join, de-
 claring, “ she hated and abominated
 “ cards, and never would play till she
 “ was as old as they, on any account. ”

Lord Margam and Henry Llewellyn
 soon joined the ladies in the draw-
 ing-room ; Lady Cecilia engaged them
 in her party, but felt a little mortif-
 ied by the latter removing from it, and
 behaving to the old ladies with quite as
 much polite attention as he had shown

her. This, perhaps, only increased her wish to teach him better; for when the time arrived that their carriages were announced, she so earnestly solicited the Miss Llewellyns to spend the next day with her, that they complied; with which she was so much delighted, that she ran out of the room without courtesying to any of the company; though Lord Glendarran made ample amends for his daughter's omissions, if his bows could have been considered as a compensation. When all of his party were gone, various were the remarks made upon Lady Cecilia Margam; but the pity of Lady Winifred surmounted them all. "Poor thing!" exclaimed she, "poor thing! it's exactly what I expected; only consider how she has been brought up! without a mother

"—un-

“—under the care of French govern-
 “esses! Aye, aye! it’s no wonder that
 “she does not know how to behave
 “herself—it’s just what I always ex-
 “pected!”

“Oh, Julius Cæsar!” exclaimed Lady
 Virgilia; “but to think that the dignity
 “of the Cragia family should centre in
 “such an ignorant, baby-faced girl as
 “that!”—Indeed, it became a subject for
 general lamentation, that Glendarran
 Castle, once the pride of the county,
 and uninhabited for so many years,
 should at last be possessed by so giddy,
 thoughtless a young woman; who, from
 her apparent manner, could not be
 supposed to possess the least capability of
 conducting herself in it with propriety.
 Charlotte Llewellyn alone stood forth as
 her advocate; but the utmost efforts of

her eloquence and candour could do no more than extort from the most good-natured of the company, that her youth was the only thing which could possibly be urged in her defence.

No one found more subject for animadversion in the events of the day than Lady Cecilia herself, who, when she was free from the restraint of a father's presence, began a most ludicrous critique upon Lanfoist Castle and its visitants. Miss Gunnings joined very fervently in her detestation of old English manners, and English hospitality; she being a lady who had the most inveterate hatred to every thing *vulgar*, according to her own ideas of vulgarity; she was therefore still more shocked than Lady Cecilia by this specimen of country parties, though her Ladyship de-

declared, "that she never could endure
 "such a bore as to visit such quizzes."

In vain had her father assured her, they
 were very worthy people; and her brother,
 "that such good kind of women

"as Lady Winifred-ap-Tagno were
 "very seldom met with."—"No, Hea-

"ven be praised!" cried Miss Gun-
 nings; "if I was Lady Cecilia, I should

"prefer my own society a thousand
 "times before visiting such vulgar

"people."

"Oh! that I should," replied her
 Ladyship; "especially too if one had

"but a few such young men as Henry
 "Llewellyn."

"What! you admire him, Cecilia?"
 significantly asked Lord Margam.

"Oh, he's quite divine!" replied she;
 "I admire him immensely! but he seems

“ monstrous proud.”—“ I don’t know
 “ that,” continued her brother; “ he
 “ appears to be a very pleasant gentle-
 “ manly man; I dare say I shall find
 “ his society a great acquisition; I
 “ know that he is thought remarkably
 “ clever; and recollect Dr. Vincent’s
 “ telling me, that he never knew
 “ a boy whom he thought more likely
 “ to make a figure in life, if his abilities
 “ were properly directed. He has seen
 “ a great deal of the world, and I re-
 “ joice in this opportunity of becoming
 “ better acquainted with him.”

“ Make him come to us every day at
 “ least, Ned!” exclaimed Lady Cecilia;
 adding, “ Won’t it be delightful, Miss
 “ Gunnings?”

“ Pooh!” she replied, “ I did not
 “ like him at all; I don’t believe he
 “ spoke

“ spoke a dozen words to me in the
 “ whole course of the day ! really it was
 “ quite ridiculous to see a man laugh-
 “ ing and talking to those old women
 “ in the manner he did.” — “ Why, cer-
 “ tainly !” his advocate was obliged to
 confess ; “ to be sure, there was no ne-
 “ cessity for his being so very polite to
 “ them.” — “ Oh, depend upon it,” re-
 plied Miss Gunnings, “ he knows no-
 “ thing of politeness ; I am certain that
 “ he is, as you say, monstrous proud ;
 “ and as to his being handsome, there
 “ are hundreds of handsomer men in
 “ the world than he—and there were
 “ many handsomer to-day.”

“ Oh mercy, Sally !” exclaimed Lady
 Cecilia ; “ don’t say such a thing for the
 “ universe ; for I protest that I never
 “ saw a man half so handsome in all

“ my life—and to-day!—why, except-
“ ing that great tall married Welsh
“ Squire, the men were all perfect
“ quizzes, unless you call Ned hand-
“ some.”

Miss Gunnings, too well bred to be
disconcerted by this speech, gave a smile
of approbation; and added, “ To be
“ sure, he knows that very well—Lord
“ Margam’s a very fine fellow, an’t you,
“ my Lord?”

This interrogation unfortunately me-
tamorphosed him into a mere *quiz*; for
he blushed, took up his hat, and walked
out of the room.

CHAP. X.

"O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou!"

SHAKSPEARE.

A MONTH elapsed, in which the party at Glendarran amused themselves in a similar manner to that already described; seeing all the neighbours, whom curiosity, interest, or ceremony, induced to visit them; and making all the returns which Lord Glendarran thought proper. Mrs. Gunnings and her daughters entertained themselves according as their own fancies directed them; which, for reasons which may hereafter appear, was

G 5

very

very frequently by walking to Glendarran House, when its inhabitants were not at the Castle.

Lady Cecilia had now, superadded to the delight of finding fault, that of altering every thing; by which means her time was completely occupied: this, together with some secret charm, which Glendarran contained, had so powerful an effect upon her Ladyship's judgment, that before she had been there a month, all her disgust vanished, and she declared that she never wished to see London again as long as she lived. This she repeatedly told Henry Llewellyn, protesting to him, that she would never quit Glendarran. If the reader is disposed to doubt her assertions, we can only justify ourselves by producing the following

lowing letter, which she wrote to her cousin, Lady Florella Rounceval, daughter to the Duke of Starlington.

“ Glendarran, July 16, 1790.

“ DEAR FLORELLA,

“ I HAVE totally forgotten all the
“ horrors of my journey, of which I
“ wrote you such a melancholy de-
“ scription; and am quite enraptured
“ with Glendarran; for it certainly is
“ the most beautiful place in the
“ world. I only wish you could see
“ the alteration I have made. No-
“ thing in nature ever was half so ele-
“ gant, though it certainly would
“ have been still more so, if I could
“ have had my own way in every
“ thing; however, that was impossible;
“ so I must be content. Every body

“ says that the rooms already fitted up
 “ are really magnificent, and I begin
 “ to feel quite at home. You know I
 “ never was very fond of Twicken-
 “ ham; and my Lord’s great, detesta-
 “ ble, worm-eaten house in Bedford-
 “ shire, was always my utter aversion;
 “ so it’s no wonder that I always abo-
 “ minated the country for the little
 “ time we were in it. But, oh! this
 “ heavenly place! Why are not you
 “ here, my dear Florey?—we would
 “ have the most charming *fun*, if you
 “ was but clear away from Rounceval
 “ Abbey and Fordyce’s Sermons. The
 “ Llewellyns are the most delightful
 “ family!—you would be quite enrap-
 “ tured with them. You know the
 “ Gunnings’s are very lively; but I
 “ assure you they are nothing to the
 “ Llew-

“ Llewellyns—never was any thing to
 “ equal them. Oh! that my aunt
 “ would but consent to your coming
 “ here!—do teaze her to death to let
 “ you; and if she begins a lecture
 “ upon duty and propriety, say it is all
 “ my fault. Indeed, my dear cousin,
 “ I could cry for you, when I think of
 “ the manner in which she flews you
 “ up for ever. Never was any thing
 “ so provoking, to be sure, as it was all
 “ last winter, when I was going every
 “ where, that you were forced to sit
 “ working those odious, nonsensical
 “ carpets, or playing cards like a set of
 “ wax figures. Thank Heaven! I am
 “ my own mistress. Oh, that you
 “ could but see Henry Llewellyn!—
 “ don’t mention his name for the uni-
 “ verse: but you must not be sur-
 “ prised

“prised if I should write you strange
“things soon; but he is so proud I
“cannot endure him—yet I should
“like a proud husband too: but keep
“this a secret. Write me word how
“you go on, and long letters, be
“sure. I see the phaeton is waiting,
“and Henry Llewellyn, to drive me
“out, which he will very seldom do;
“therefore I cannot stay another mi-
“nute for the world. Adieu! love to
“all. From, ever yours,

“CECILIA MARGAM.”

The Miss Llewellyns, at Lady Cecilia's request, and their father's command, took up their abode at the Castle, which soon became the scene of mirth and gaiety; for, as she gave invitations to all her own acquaintance,

ance, and desired her brother to do the same to his, many accepted them; and she became more attached to the place daily. The praises which were bestowed upon her improvements contributed not a little to this; and many of them were highly entitled to admiration: but the genius of man was not equal to the accomplishment of all her wishes, in the various articles of furniture she *could have invented*;—therefore she was obliged to be contented with the assurances which the people gave her whom she had employed, that the rooms they had finished were certainly some of the most beautiful in the kingdom. Henry Llewellyn had the honour of being consulted on all occasions; but, when he told her, on her informing him that

that she meant to remove all the pictures, that he thought, if she did so, she would deprive the house of its most valuable ornaments, she could endure his unpoliteness no longer; but informed his sister, that she hated her brother of all the men on the face of the earth. "I am very sorry that my brother should so far depart from himself as to offend you," said Charlotte: "pray, what has he done?"

"Oh! he is always offending me," replied Lady Cecilia; "and it is so provoking in him! he *never will* say as I do! and though I'm certain I am more polite to him than ever I was to any man in my life, yet it's all to no purpose! I detest such proud creatures! and I wish I was never to see his face again!"

"I'll

“ I’ll tell him so, Lady Cecilia,” said Charlotte. “ Oh, no!” replied she, “ don’t tell him so for the world; “ though I do wish you could make “ him a little more polite: not but “ what he is *polite* enough!—but he is “ so horridly provoking! One should “ not mind, if he was not really so “ agreeable—but when a man is so “ agreeable, what is the use of his tak- “ ing so much pains to make himself “ disagreeable?”

“ Why, Lady Cecilia,” interrupted Charlotte, “ I remember your saying, “ but yesterday, that you hated men “ that flattered you, and always said “ as you did.”

“ And so I do,” she replied; “ for “ there is something so stupid and so “ tiresome in men who never contra-
“ dict

“dict one ! but then your brother
“need not be so *very* perverse and
“contradictory !”

“He never contradicts me,” said
his sister.

“Ah, no !” resumed her Ladyship,
“because he always thinks as you do ;
“and whenever a subject is introduced,
“your sentiments are so much alike,
“and you can make such entertaining
“conversations out of nothing, for
“hours together ; *and that is so pleasant !*
“Really I begin to like the country a
“thousand times better than town ;
“and, if I could but be always in
“spirits, as you are, and always have
“something to amuse me, I should be
“*so happy !*”

“As you neither like work, music,
“nor

“ nor drawing, I wonder that you don’t
“ read,” said Charlotte.

“ Why, really, I cannot tell what to
“ read,” answered Lady Cecilia; “ I
“ have read so many novels that are
“ not like any thing in nature, that I
“ am quite tired of looking into
“ them.”

“ But you might find greater amuse-
“ ment in books than even novels can
“ afford: though doubtless many are
“ very entertaining and instructive.”

“ Aye, but I hate books,” replied
Lady Cecilia; “ my last governess
“ made me read shelves full, and craze
“ my poor brains with history and geo-
“ graphy, till she half ruined my eyes—
“ and all for nothing too! for when I
“ came out, Lord, I never heard any
“ creature mention a word of what she
“ said

“ said was of so much importance to
 “ every body to know; and wished to
 “ make me believe I should appear
 “ very ignorant if I was unacquainted
 “ with. Such nonsense! How the
 “ deuce can any body tell whether I
 “ ever read a book or not, or whether
 “ I understand the history of Eng-
 “ land, which I never can nor ever
 “ shall remember a single syllable of;
 “ excepting that there was a King
 “ Charles, and a King Henry, an odious
 “ wretch that murdered all his wives;
 “ and a King Richard, and Queen Eli-
 “ zabeth, and Queen Anne, and Wil-
 “ liam the Conqueror, *and his queen*
 “ Mary; which I’m sure is enough
 “ for any woman to know; and more
 “ than any body will ever remind me
 “ of, excepting it be that marvellous
 “ old

“ old time-piece Lady Virgilia-ap-
“ Howel.”

“ Do you like voyages?” asked
Charlotte.

“ Oh, no ! I detest voyages,” answered she ; “ they are always about
“ sands, and rocks, and fishes, and
“ fresh water, and such stuff as that ;
“ but I do like Rouffeau’s works !—and
“ now I talk of reading, I declare I’ll
“ read them all over again, for I have
“ almost forgot them.”

“ I think I could recommend books
“ from which you would receive more
“ benefit, and encounter less danger,”
said Charlotte ; “ but, as you neither
“ like history nor voyages, suppose
“ you were to read some interesting
“ travels ?”

“ Lady

Lady Cecilia immediately silenced her recommendations, by exclaiming—

“ Travels I abominate of all things !
 “ those people who write them are al-
 “ ways meeting with adventures; po-
 “ ring after curiosities, and describing
 “ old ruins and inscriptions ; and never
 “ get on half fast enough.”

“ Then do you like books on educa-
 “ tion and manners ?” asked Charlotte,
 afraid to mention such as constituted her
 own studies and amusements.

“ *Oh no !*” replied Lady Cecilia, “ I
 “ detest such a fuss and nonsensical
 “ perambulation as people make about
 “ education and manners ! Mrs. Ding-
 “ dong, who, Heaven be praised ! only
 “ staid with me one year, made me
 “ read Fordyce’s Sermons quite through ;
 “ and I am resolved they shall last me
 “ for

“ for my life : not that I remember
 “ any thing about them, but that I
 “ hated the sight of the book ; and if
 “ ever she began to read, I never could
 “ keep my eyes open ; but now I think
 “ of her, it brings to my remembrance
 “ a book that she never would let me
 “ read ; and, by what I recollect, there
 “ is more *fun* in that book than in all
 “ the books that ever I read in my life.
 “ *Tom Jones* was the very title ! and I
 “ protest, if it is in this kingdom, I’ll
 “ read it.”

“ I don’t think you can do better,”
 said Charlotte, laughing ; “ it is, with-
 “ out doubt, in the library. I will go
 “ and fetch it you this moment ;” which
 she accordingly did : and as Lady Ceci-
 lia took it up every minute when she
 was accidentally alone, and, to use her
 own

own expression, knew not what to do with herself, she found so much entertainment in it, that she told Charlotte Llewellyn, before she had read half through the first volume, that she was determined never to be without a book again as long as she lived.

A few days after this Lady Cecilia received the following letter from her cousin Lady Florella Rounceval:

“ Rounceval Abbey, July 20th.

“ DEAR CECILIA,

“ YOUR *charming, sprightly letter*
 “ *diverted me very much.* Never was
 “ *any creature possessed of such spirits*
 “ *as you, certainly!* I am very happy
 “ *that you like the country so much;*
 “ *indeed it really is very charming for*
 “ *a month or two, after being tired to*
 “ death

"death of town. Lord and Lady
 "Clackington have been here *some*
 "time, and their son, who is certainly
 "a dull child; but he may improve.
 "There was a terrible thunder storm
 "here yesterday, and we sat in the
 "cedar parlour all day; we were very
 "dull in the morning, as we were none
 "of us in spirits; but in the evening
 "we were very merry indeed. Major
 "Massem proposed playing at cram-
 "bo, and we all consented. Really
 "it was excellent. Mamma said, she
 "never did see any lines come up so
 "a-propos. I enclose them for your
 "perusal, and that you may entertain
 "your friends with them. On Thursday
 "we took a very long walk, quite up
 "to the upper lodge, at the top of
 "the park. I was monstrously tired;
 VOL. I. H " but

“ but mamma says, *walking is the*
 “ *support of life*; therefore she makes
 “ us walk every day from morning till
 “ dinner-time, as much as she can,
 “ and every morning *regularly* we walk
 “ to the *pheasantry*, and from thence
 “ to the *mausoleum*, and so round by
 “ the *north wood*, home; *besides which*,
 “ sometimes, *if we are not too much*
 “ *tired*, we walk to the garden, too.
 “ Indeed it is very amusing since *Sir*
 “ *Robert* and the *Major* have been with
 “ us, for they really have more wit
 “ than *any men I ever saw* in my life:
 “ and they don't go *hunting* and *fishing*,
 “ as some men do, from morning till
 “ night, but are always walking with
 “ us, or at the *work table*, and conti-
 “ nually planning some diversion or
 “ other; really they make us *quite alive*.

“ Ame-

“ Amelia and I went in the phaeton
 “ yesterday morning, to call on the
 “ Campbells. They were *very glad to*
 “ *see us*, and have promised to come to
 “ *us next week*, which will be *charming*;
 “ the *eldest* is *much improved*, and the
 “ *youngest* is the most *lively little creature*
 “ you ever saw: it will be *delightful*
 “ when they come. On Wednesday
 “ we entreated mamma to let us go on
 “ the *water*; but you know she *never*
 “ *will move after dinner* in the country,
 “ nor permit us if *possible*; therefore,
 “ we all *despaired*; and we thought it
 “ would be so *charming* if we could but
 “ get out; *especially now* we have so
 “ many gentlemen. However, as I *before*
 “ *said*, we all *despaired*: but they at-
 “ tacked her so *violently*, that she *really*
 “ *consented* at last. To be sure, Sir Ro-

"bert has *the most inimitable manner in*
 " *the world!* he is certain to accomplish
 " whatever he undertakes. It was but
 " last *Monday* that we all longed to
 " make a party to *see the cows milked,*
 " and he prevailed upon mamma and
 " papa to let us: *in short,* he is for
 " ever doing something or other to en-
 " tertain us; it is pity he is *so poor.*
 " Not that I should mind marrying a
 " *poor man;* for the other day we walked
 " into a *farm-house,* and every thing
 " looked so *cheerful,* and so *contented,*
 " that I declare I really thought I could
 " live there, with a man I loved; if there
 " was only a *carpet on the floor.* My let-
 " ter will be too heavy, if I write any
 " more; therefore I am obliged to *finish.*

" *Adieu! et donc, Cecilia!* Write
 " every day, if possible, and long letters;
 " for

" for you know I hate short ones, and
" *therefore* never write them myself. I
" am writing alone in the *little blue par-*
" *lour*, *otherwise* I should have *abundance*
" of love to send to *Glendarran*. You
" must *imagine it all*, and believe me,
" ever,

" Your affectionate cousin,

" FLORELLA ROUNCEVAL.

CRAMBO.

Major Mashem.

" Some guardian genius aid me, whilst I write.

Lord Clackington.

" The power of beauty steals my senses quite.

Mr. Rhymor.

" See, swift as thought, the mounting verses move,

Lady Lucy.

" Sacred to virtue, poetry, and love.

Lady Jane R.

" Poetic visions fire my youthful mind.

Myself.

" Wisdom, and wit, and worth, in him I find."

Lord John Flambeau.

" Angels and ministers of grace arise !

Sir Robert.

" Look, and adore the fair Florella's eyes !

Lady Clackington.

" Mount, mount my verse, assume a comic air,

Dr. Bolus.

" And shield each lovely creature from despair.

Lady Laura Languish.

" Who ever saw the sun in splendour rise !

Lord Archer.

" Give to sweet Laura's hand the golden prize ;

Mr. Clericus.

" To keep in harmony this noble band ;

Captain Cable.

" The pride and glory of my native land !

Dutcheffs.

" Heavens ! how the people they did stare !

Duke.

" To see me in a chaise and pair.

—
" To

" To be sure, *papa* did peep for the
 " *last line*, or it would have been *utterly*
 " *impossible* for any thing to come in so
 " *a-propos*. I have set the name of the
 " writer before *each line*, that all might
 " receive the praise due to them."

CHAP. XI.

"Who can come in and say that I mean her,
 "When such a one as she is, such is her neighbour;
 "And so are twenty neighbours?"

SHAKSPEARE.

BEFORE we proceed in developing the characters of those persons whom we have introduced in this story, it may be necessary to give our readers a knowledge of some, the intricacies of which it would require volumes to display, and be very tedious to trace minutely; therefore we will, in a few words, acquaint the readers with these, that we may employ our future time in delineating such as may serve as useful examples.

amples of error, or objects worthy of imitation.

The character of Mrs. Gunnings will seldom be of use to be produced as a warning or an example to females; though many would have been fascinated by her manners, and deceived by her plausibility; for the despicable insignificance of her understanding, and the malignancy of her disposition, were so disguised by cunning, and glossed over by courtesy, that, if her words and actions in company were described for a twelvemonth together, no one would discover that she was a vile, artful, intriguing woman; unless a knowledge of the inhabitants of this world, and particularly of those who are *well bred*, informed them that under the specious veil which

fashion and education spread over the native characters of women, are hid treachery, deceit, envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness.

Never was a female more completely under their influence than Mrs. Gunnings. Having long been anxious to *establisb herself in life*, but finding that as her years increased her importance diminished, she considered Mr. Llewellyn as her intended protector, if she could get no one richer. This had, for a few years, been rather a matter of doubt with her, notwithstanding the various flirtations and intrigues she engaged in; therefore, she began to think it prudent to make sure of a comfortable provision in time: this was her secret inducement to accept Lady Cecilia Margam's invitation to spend the

the summer with her; it having been previously agreed upon by her and Mr. Llewellyn (who had long been her neighbour in town), that, as soon as propriety would permit, she should receive a legal right to be mistress of Glendarran House, and all its inhabitants.

The beauty and accomplishments of the Miss Llewellyns infinitely surpassed all the descriptions she had heard given of them; though they were sufficient to determine her not to permit them to live with her daughters. The knowledge she had of the weakness of Mr. Llewellyn, and the strength of her own arts, led her to believe that she should find his children no incumbrance.

Imagining that she was actuated by a sentiment of kindness towards them, or *imposing this belief upon her own understanding, as an excuse for her actions,* she resolved to get them married; provided it could be done without injuring her own children. With respect to their opinion of the men she might select for their husbands, she was too much a woman of the world to foresee any obstacles to her designs; concluding, that girls who had been *brought up in total ignorance, who knew nothing of life, and had never seen any body,* would be very fortunate in captivating any man of tolerable respectability, and very happy in being introduced into the world. Much as she imagined she knew of it, neither her heart nor her
under-

understanding were capable of interpreting Charlotte Llewellyn; and her character, so far from being familiar to her, would have been past her comprehension, if an angel had presented it to her view. She quickly discovered that Euphemia possessed a much greater degree of docility and amiable weakness than her sister, in whom nothing which could bear the name ever appeared, excepting that she had a trick of wiping her eyes, or walking away, on trifling occasions. In other respects, she seemed to possess such a degree of *obstinacy*, that it prevented her from assenting to the opinions and assertions of others, if they did not convince her reason (unless her silence on such occasions could be called assent); so that she

she left Mrs. Gunnings in hope of ruling her.

The uniform manner in which she pursued her own employments, the cheerfulness which she ever possessed, and which she seemed to enjoy independently of others, though she was ever ready to contribute to their entertainment, added to the success with which she exerted her abilities, gave her such an air of real superiority to Mrs. Gunnings and her daughters, that they perfectly hated her. It had been a part of their scheme, for Miss Gunnings to captivate Lord Margam; but, finding all her efforts ineffectual, she had too much *real pride*, as she termed it, to distress herself about any man who was indifferent to her: and, though

though really mortified, when she discovered that it was the charms of Euphemia which caused this insensibility to her own superior charms of mind and person (as she deemed it otherwise impossible for any man, with a heart disengaged, not to devote it to her, if she wished to gain it), she wisely determined to give up his Lordship, and to attack the very next young man who should arrive at Glendarran. In a few days, she was amply gratified and consoled, by the arrival at the Castle of a very intimate friend of Lord Margam, a young man of large fortune and acknowledged fashion, of the name of Greville; Lord Oakley, a bachelor, and Mr. Carnelly; besides Captain Wilson, a friend of Mr. Llewellyn, at Glendarran House.

Miss

Miss Emma Gunnings, sister to the last mentioned elegant young lady, was a *very genteel young woman*; which comprises a good person, a fashionable dress, a perfect knowledge of French and Italian; great execution on the piano forte, and a *stylish* manner of dancing, talking, and laughing. If it should be asked, whether she was sensible or not, it would really be very difficult for those to answer so common a question who consider the meaning of words as strictly as we do; but, as it may offend some readers, to make a very genteel young woman destitute of sense, we will candidly confess that she possessed very great capabilities for becoming what is termed a *sensible woman*, as—all her faculties were perfect. Yet it must be acknowledged that at the

age

age of seven-and-twenty, no person had ever bestowed that epithet upon her. The education which she received was indeed little calculated to improve her faculties ; as not one of the many governesses by whom she had been *instructed*, from Mrs. Prim to Madam Sophister, ever mentioned a word concerning faculties, or so much as hinted that they were bestowed upon her for her own benefit, and that it was by her own exertions alone she could obtain real knowledge : on the contrary, she had been taught from infancy, that she must act as they directed her, and think as they instructed her ; which she had so implicitly consented to, that, when she arrived at *years of discretion*, she had no idea of employing her own reason to guide her actions ; having
never

never considered for what purpose it was bestowed. Yet, let not the reader imagine that a diffident humility was the consequence of this want of dependence upon herself: it must be recollected that she had been educated with the utmost care; that she had always been obedient to the maxims and opinions of her mamma and her governesses; that she had been often rewarded as a good girl for doing this; and, as she was conscious of the propriety of her own conduct, so she felt assured that every thing she thought was just, and every thing she did, right. If the more enlightened reader should pause at this picture of Miss Emma Gunnings, and, as is very probable, a counterpart should be met with the next half hour, let pity supply the place

place of that contempt which the view of such a being may raise in one who considers reason as the distinguishing character of his species; while reflecting on the insignificance which common education stamps on immortal souls, and perceiving that to inculcate opinions, errors, and prejudices, into the youthful mind, is the very bane and ruin of virtue, the leveller of all natural understanding, and the cause of that conceited, contented ignorance, which supplies the place of real knowledge in the *generality* of the females of the present day.

CHAP. XII.

“ His life was gentle, and the elements
 “ So mixt in him, that Nature might stand up,
 “ And say to all the world—*This was a man!*”

SHAKESPEARE.

IF elegant manners, dignity of person, and a countenance which bespeaks an exalted, intelligent mind, are worthy of the attention of a sensible woman, Mr. Greville afforded ample cause for the scrutinizing looks of Charlotte Llewellyn, when first they met in the dining-room at Glendarran Castle. They were not those pretty, timid glances, which ladies, who are upon their preferment, know so well how to direct in their dealings with mankind; nor were they
 at

at all like the stare of approbation which Miss Gunnings condescended to bestow upon him—they were looks rather inspired by the penetration visible in Mr. Greville's eyes, to search for something more in them than usually appears in the eyes of a fine gentleman, than an admiration of what was apparent. A certain something, so unlike the men she had hitherto seen, appeared in him, that she caught herself endeavouring to develop his character several times before dinner was ended. She was induced to think it worthy of her observation, by the politeness of his manner, and the *modesty* with which he uttered his opinions on subjects occasionally introduced. This was a quality which she certainly had not met with, in an emi-

ment degree, in the young men she had seen.

Her brother, though by no means confident or peremptory, was certainly not *diffident*. Lord Margam was so perfectly amiable, that she never regarded him critically: but in all the men who had come under her notice, she was most surprised to find diffidence in Mr. Greville, having heard him represented as *a very fashionable young man*. Before the day was over, several instances occurred of his possessing transcendent abilities, and a most astonishing portion of modest reserve. Though not hasty in forming opinions, unless where merit was at once visible, Charlotte Llewellyn was instantaneously conscious, that Mr. Greville was a very superior and uncommon

mon young man; but, however strange it may appear, truth obliges us to confess, that the idea of a *lover* never entered her imagination; therefore she viewed Mr. Greville as a man—and a brother. Nor did the weakness or the vanity of her own sex inspire one thought concerning him incompatible with the latter relation, till Miss Gunnings told her, after he had been at Glendarran a few days, that he was going to be married immediately. Her heart, faithful to that principle of virtue which Nature implanted for the admiration of every thing great and good, now became painfully sensible of the reality of Mr. Greville's perfections: but if she felt as a woman, she resolved to act like one too; and the more she became conscious of his merit, the more did she endeavour
to

to behold it with that just admiration to which merit is entitled.

Some of our readers, we fear, will think, that to make a philosopher of a young woman, when contemplating a very handsome, amiable young man, is a little unnatural: to which we can only reply, that they had much better read no more of this story, or they may meet with several very *out of the way* matters of fact of the same kind. If they expect to find Charlotte Llewellyn act as girls usually do act, they will be disappointed; if they wish her to act so, they will be disgusted: it is they only who wish to see a woman act according to the dictates of reason, that can possibly find any entertainment in pursuing her through these volumes. Those who doubt that a woman can act so, we re-
gard

gard with pity. History has recorded some few women who have done so; experience must have convinced every observer that many do act so; and though reason might lead us to wish that all should, yet, while it discovers the weakness of human nature, it drops a tear, and renounces the pleasing idea of absolute perfection (which hope and faith conspire to proclaim shall hereafter distinguish the human soul), till that period when it shall have put off this vesture of mortality.

The life of a woman guided by reason may afford some entertainment to the lovers of novelty; but the ingenious speculator, or the rigid moralist, must not frown, if, in perusing the life of a woman guided by reason, he finds that she is NOT FREE FROM FAULTS.

CHAP. XIII.

“ Oh! could you break through fashion’s monstrous rules,

“ And scorn the gaudy flattery of fools,

“ Far nobler conquests would your virtues gain,

“ And worth and wisdom mix in beauty’s train.”

A BALL was proposed at Glendarran, the neighbouring families were invited, and Lady Cecilia was enraptured, when the evening arrived, with the brilliancy of the rooms, the gaiety of the company, and the elegance of her own dress, which had been contrived with infinite ingenuity, executed with particular care, and put on with exquisite attention. When she entered the room she attracted every eye ; and even Lady Virgilia-

gilia-ap-Howel, who was there, whispered to Lady Winifred-ap-Tagno, "that she was really a great beauty, "and indisputably would be a very fine "woman, when the insignificancy of "youth was worn off, and she had "acquired that certain grace and majesty of deportment which no girl "could possess."

She undoubtedly shone superior to every woman in the room; for the native charms of the Llewellyns were not heightened by that studied elegance of dress which in a ball-room must ever attract attention; and the beauties of the Miss Gunnings's were obscured in the eyes of every person of true taste, by that want of order and propriety which are necessary to make dress pleasing. Every one remarked the beauty and

elegance of Lady Cecilia. Mr. Greville asked Henry Llewellyn if he had solicited her to dance, to which he replied,

“Oh, no! I am going to dance
“with Miss Emma Gunnings—pray,
“don’t you dance with her?”

“No, I have asked your sister—I
“suppose she will dance with Lord
“Oakley.”

Now Lord Oakley was neither more nor less than “a fat fool;” however, he had sense enough to know that he was the most important man in the room, therefore asked Lady Cecilia Margam to dance with him; but whether from fatigue, or from what cause we cannot pretend to say, when she had gone down four couples, she declared that “she never was so tired in her life

“ before,” and immediately sat down. Upon the dance being finished, Mr. Greville solicited the honour of her hand, but she made an apology for refusing him, by saying, that “ she was not in a dancing humour;” she then walked up to Lady Winifred-ap-Tagno, and entered into so much conversation with her, that Lady Winifred began to think her a *very pleasing young woman*. When the third dance concluded, and Henry Llewellyn approached to offer himself as a partner, she immediately protested “ she was just in the humour for dancing;” at the same time so good-naturedly soliciting Lady Winifred to form a whist party, and endeavour to make the evening agreeable to herself, that she was quite delighted with her; and the whole

company were in admiration, when she went down the dance with a degree of spirit and elegance which no one had surpassed. She continued in a *dancing humour* all night, and declared that there should be no more changing of partners, as it was the most stupid thing in the world for people to separate when they had got into the same step; adding, that "Mr. Llewellyn's steps were so like her own, that she could not dance half so well with any body else." Mr. Greville was Charlotte Llewellyn's partner, Lord Oakley Miss Gunnings's, and Captain Wilson Euphemia Llewellyn's.

Captain Wilson told Miss Gunnings, that he thought Miss Llewellyn the finest dancer he ever saw.

"Im-

“Impossible!” exclaimed she; “Lord!
 “ she neither does the Double shuffle,
 “ nor the Partridge’s run, nor the Heel
 “ and toe step, nor the Prince’s hop;
 “ nor, in fact, any thing that is fashion-
 “ able: I never saw a woman dance in
 “ worse style in my life.”

Captain Wilson had observed Miss Gunnings’s dancing, but without having a suspicion that she was an adept in the science; otherwise he would not have praised any other lady’s performance to her, as he was completely *a man of the world*.

Now as that is a phrase which may in time become obsolete, that is, when words are not used without determinate ideas, it might be useful, for the benefit of posterity, to affix some to this very popular and fashionable phrase. To ren-

der it plain to every reader would require a longer digression than we have room to allow it; suffice it to say, for the benefit of those who in the present day may have no very clear ideas annexed to it, that this phrase, in country villages, is so little known, that its meaning could not be comprehended by their inhabitants; but if they have any idea of a being analogous to that of a *man of the world* in the more enlightened parts of it, it is, a man who has been to London, served in the militia, wears fine clothes, has abundance of sweethearts, and tells marvellous stories. In country towns, a man of the world is one who has been in all kinds of scrapes, indulged in every excess, spent his fortune, disgraced his family, and ruined himself *like a gentleman*. In the *higher circles*,

a “ *man*.

a "*man of the world*" frequently combines the ideas of a man who has done all these things; but then he must likewise be a gamester, drink ten bottles of claret without being intoxicated, fight ten duels without being killed, and break the hearts of ten ladies without receiving a wound; have visited foreign courts, talk of intrigues with foreign princesses, amuse his companions at the expense of truth, morality, and decency; and then he will be, in the most fashionable sense, a complete *man of the world*.

Such was Captain Wilson; added to which, he was a most inimitable dancer.

A Miss Fitzgerald, who was a visitor to a neighbouring family, declined dancing at the ball at Glendarran; till Lady Cecilia, being distressed to invent a figure, she offered her services to ex-

plain it to her, and taking out a lady who sat next to her, she went down the dance in a style truly uncommon; ease, elegance, and activity, were united in her performance, but in a manner which appeared so affected to most of the company, as to render her the object of general remark. Sir Edwin Lloyd, whose name we have before had occasion to mention, and who had long since settled with Lady Cecilia the business on which it was introduced, was now present. Charlotte Llewellyn had long been accustomed to express her opinions to him without reserve, having so much respect for his, as to consider it a very peculiar honour and advantage to be contradicted by him.

When Miss Fitzgerald had finished her dance, Charlotte moved into the
card-

card-room, which she saw Sir Edwin enter; she therefore addressed him with—

“ Well, Sir Edwin, what is your opinion of Miss Fitzgerald’s dancing ?”

“ I think,” said he, “ she is one of the finest dancers I ever saw in my life.”

“ But surely you think her very affected ?”

“ I don’t know that she is,” was his reply.

“ Indeed, Sir Edwin,” said Charlotte, “ I do think I never saw a more affected young woman in my life; I really cannot admire her dancing, for it is so theatrical; any thing so studied cannot be pleasing.”

“ Well, Charlotte,” replied he, “ your motives are right which lead you to dislike Miss Fitzgerald; but as I know

“ you are always willing to detect error,
“ I will endeavour to show you wherein
“ you are misled in your judgment.
“ In the first place, you have not been
“ acquainted with Miss Fitzgerald
“ long enough to ascertain whether
“ she is affected or not. I have
“ known abundance of very amiable
“ women in my time, who had all
“ the appearance of affectation that she
“ has, but they were as natural characters as ever I met with ; and I do
“ confess that where it is so, I think the
“ appearance of a little affectation very
“ pleasing.”

“ Oh, Sir Edwin, impossible !” exclaimed Charlotte ; “ I detest affectation !”

“ Why, do you know that many
“ people think *you* very affected ?”
asked he,

“ No,

“ No, indeed,” she replied ; “ I hope
“ not ; and I am sorry, if you ever dis-
“ covered any thing like affectation in
“ me, that you did not tell me of it.”

“ I would not wish to deprive you of an
“ ornament,” said he ; “ the appearance
“ of affectation which you possess, gives
“ a polish to your virtues, and, like
“ your good humour, renders them
“ more agreeable. If you were to at-
“ tempt to correct what the vulgar
“ think affectation, you would destroy
“ the fine surface of your character, and
“ become such a disgusting, uninterest-
“ ing block, as you see some women are,
“ who endeavour to make themselves
“ wise at the expense of every agreeable
“ quality.

“ When people pretend to understand
“ matters of which they are really igno-
“ rant ;

“ rant; claim admiration when it is not
 “ due, and either affect a childishness
 “ of manner, an unnatural boldness,
 “ or a gravity and profundity which
 “ would be disgusting in a lord chan-
 “ cellor, off the bench, they may justly
 “ be called affected, and are certain to
 “ be disliked by all sensible people. But
 “ that whimsicality of manner, which
 “ many women possess, together with a
 “ little eccentricity, is frequently the
 “ secret mark of genuine goodness of
 “ disposition, sprightliness of imagina-
 “ tion, and unconquerable simplicity.
 “ If the manners of such women de-
 “ serve to be called affected, I most sin-
 “ cerely wish that all my acquaintance
 “ may be so; and that all women, in-
 “ stead of making mere automaton
 “ figures of themselves, and polishing
 “ till

“ till they have no mark of rationality
“ about them, would rather entertain
“ us with the follies of nature, than of
“ art.”

“ Sir Edwin, I believe that you are
“ right,” replied Charlotte, “ and I
“ am much obliged to you for giving
“ me this view of the subject ; really I
“ never considered it in this light before.
“ But do you think Miss Fitzgerald’s
“ dancing can be natural ?”

“ Perfectly so,” answered he ; “ I
“ never saw a woman dance with more
“ natural agility or natural spirit in my
“ life ; the little graces in her manner
“ may almost be said to be natural too,
“ for it is the custom of her country to
“ acquire them, and not more affected
“ in her than it is for you to practise
“ the step which your master taught
“ you.

“you. I have seen dozens of Irish
“girls dance exactly in the same style,
“and, if possible, better than Miss Fitz-
“gerald does.”

“Indeed,” said Charlotte Llewellyn,
“I am quite ashamed of myself! I hope
“I never shall again be so presumptu-
“ous as to form an opinion, much
“more an unfavourable one, of any
“person on so slight a knowledge,
“and particularly while I am so igno-
“rant of the world.”

“You will do well,” said Sir Edwin ;
“and depend upon it, Charlotte, that
“a knowledge of the world for sixty
“years, will never make you half so
“wise as the impartiality with which
“you view yourself, and the wish you
“now possess to detect error even in your
“prejudices.”

She

She courted, and walking into the dancing-room, determined to cultivate Miss Fitzgerald's acquaintance, for the injustice she had done her, that she might be enabled to show Sir Edwin the propriety of his opinion, by relating to him her virtues ; and, considering her dancing as perfectly natural, to observe whether there was any thing in it which she could obtain, without its being awkward to her.

“ Where have you been ? ” said Mr. Greville, as she entered ; “ I have been quite dull without you ; you cannot imagine how happy I am to see you again ; I was really afraid that you had retired for the evening. Do take another dance.”

She did so, though she certainly was fatigued, and had told her sister that “ she
“ should

“ should not dance any more upon any account.” This Euphemia remarked, when she sat down, after the dance was finished ; but Lord Margam, who was standing by her, very good-naturedly said, “ Oh, I dare say she was put in a dancing humour.”

If silence and blushes indicated assent, she proved that she was, for she gave no other answer to Lord Margam’s remark ; this, however, he did not observe, being fully engaged by something which Euphemia at that moment accidentally said, and which gave Charlotte the opportunity she immediately availed herself of, to walk out of the room without observation. The ball soon concluded, and every one retired *fatigued to death*, but expecting to find pleasure by the recollection of it, as they had, by
antici-

anticipation before. This perhaps is the fate of the generality of present enjoyments, and perhaps of none more than balls; for it is much to be questioned whether the fatigue and little vexations attendant upon youth and beauty, allow above two women in a room to find any pleasure *at them*. Leading off the dance, and going down it indisputably and confessedly the best, must certainly be exempted from the exclusion of satisfaction; though having the prettiest face, or the prettiest cap, is often merely the cause of mortification.

Miss Gunnings had told Miss Llewellyn that Mr. Greville was going to marry a lady, whom Lady Cecilia the day before the ball mentioned as engaged by a relation of hers.

By this intelligence she was again
obliged

obliged to have recourse to her reason, to form a just estimate of the merits of Mr. Greville.

It was apparent that he preferred her society to that of any woman at Glendarran ; but Charlotte could not believe a man to be *in love* with her, merely because he paid her a little particular attention, or said a few fine things to her.

It is true, that Mr. Greville's speeches seemed rather to come from the heart than the head ; and he appeared to despise that fashionable foppery which distinguishes the conversations of the young gentlemen of the present day.

The more estimable his praises were, the more did Charlotte Llewellyn reflect upon the justice of her claim to them ; and finding, from an impartial view of herself, that she had no right to
many,

many, fortified herself against considering what he said as a mark of her own superiority, or his partiality, which might only be the effect of his goodness of disposition, and genuine politeness.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

— “ Nothing in *her* life

“ Became *her*, like the leaving it; *she* died

“ As one that studied in *her* death

“ To throw away the dearest thing *she* ow'd,

“ As 'twere a careless trifle.” SHAKSPEARE.

CHARLOTTE Llewellyn was educated by a woman, who considered that it is the natural privilege of a human being to be governed by its own reason; therefore, though she did not indulge the humours of a child, or flatter the follies of a girl, she hoped to see her pupil direct herself as a woman. With these opinions, she was not very studious to teach her, that to behave with propriety, according to the common

mon acceptation of the word, was the perfection of a rational creature ; but as she endeavoured, above all things, to instil into her mind the purest love of truth, and artfully mingled with those which she presented to her understanding, as it gained strength, an idea of the pleasure it would afford her to employ her own reason in cultivating it, she was by this means accustomed from infancy to exert it.

Cautious not to make her pupil the dupe of her own opinions and prejudices, although she led her in childhood to practise and admire whatever she was thoroughly convinced was right and just ; yet in every case where her own reason was capable of discriminating, she made her think for herself.

Her

Her last words to Charlotte were,
“ My dear child, I endeavoured myself
“ to distinguish between truth and error.
“ It was my study, during your infancy,
“ to show you what they were, from
“ my own researches ; but I presume
“ not to think that I was always right ;
“ however, I strove to convince you of
“ the importance of those faculties
“ which your Creator bestowed upon
“ you. I persuaded you to employ
“ them, and have, I hope, convinced
“ you, that it is by your own exertions
“ alone, and the use which you make of
“ them, that you can be either wise or
“ good.

“ I believe that I have discharged
“ my duty. Farewell ! and may
“ that Power which called you into
“ being, guard and defend you from
“ all dangers. Blame not the weak-
“ ness

“ weakness of your nature when you
 “ do wrong. The faculties with which
 “ you are endowed, are proportioned
 “ to your state and necessities. What-
 “ ever an Almighty God created, must
 “ be good and right. Pray to him
 “ to bless you, and to pardon your
 “ errors. When you are sensible of
 “ having committed them, humble
 “ yourself for having sinned against
 “ him, by disobeying his laws, or hav-
 “ ing failed to exert those noble facul-
 “ ties which he bestowed upon you.
 “ Remember, that in employing them
 “ alone, you can be happy in this
 “ world, or have a reasonable hope to
 “ be forgiven for your omissions from
 “ that great Being into whose presence
 “ I am now hastening. Remember
 “ that you will experience an hour like

“ this ! and that the more you feel con-
 “ scious that you have endeavoured to
 “ become like that pattern of perfection
 “ which was presented for [our imita-
 “ tion, the more will you be enabled to
 “ endure it with compofure, and look
 “ beyond it with hope and joyfulness.
 “ Oh may you, my dear child, when
 “ you are called upon to give an account
 “ of the talents entrusted to your care,
 “ receive the reward of a good and
 “ faithful fervant ! Farewell, once more !
 “ my strength fails ! Call upon your
 “ reason to direct you, and beware how
 “ you pervert it. Look forward with
 “ hope, and doubt not that to be good
 “ is to be happy. Remember that you
 “ will be judged by your intentions, and
 “ a God most merciful fees them. Con-
 “ template with pleasure the period
 “ which

“ which shall again unite us. Remember me !”

Life trembled upon her lips, and her spirit entered that state for which this had been but a preparation.

Such was the governess of Charlotte Llewellyn.

Euphemia too had been brought up under her care; but constitutional weakness and timidity prevented her precepts from having that effect upon her conduct, which they produced in her sister's.

She was truly amiable and good; but she was destitute of that activity and strength of mind which alone can make a character great. Very different, however, was her goodness from that of so many women who are esteemed as *very good*; it was active in relieving distress, and uniformly consistent in endeavouring to do every thing that is right; but she

wanted that resolution which Charlotte possessed, to perform what she was thoroughly convinced was so, whether others considered it as such or not.

CHAP. XV.

—“ Love refines

“ The thoughts, and heart enlarges; hath his seat

“ In reason, and is judicious.” MILTON.

CHARLOTTE Llewellyn was convinced, from the review of her actions, after the ball at Glendarran, that she must entertain something more than simple respect for Mr. Greville; she resolved therefore to be circumspect for the future; and, above all things, not to flatter herself that Mr. Greville entertained any particular regard for her.

Some readers may, perchance, again protest that she reasoned very foolishly,

and argued very falsely; and that if all young women were to think, and consider in this ridiculous manner, there would be few marriages in the world.

It must be confessed that there is some truth in the assertion; but it will also be allowed, that the *few whom reason did allow* to come together would probably enjoy as much happiness as the numbers who are now struggling in Hymen's golden chains. Others may think that it is very *unnatural* for a young woman to reason thus on such an occasion: to which we shall only reply, that our duty, as her historian, requires us to state the fact.

When she had been in her own room some time, Euphemia joined her, having much to communicate to a sister
respect-

respecting Lord Margam and herself; besides something to laugh at, in repeating a few of the many fine things which Captain Wilson had said to her. Charlotte rejoiced at her serious intelligence, but added—

“ Take care, my dear Euphemia !
 “ take care how you engage your heart
 “ too far, to so amiable a man, before
 “ you are quite certain that there will
 “ be no obstacles to your union.”

“ It is too late to caution me,” said Euphemia.

“ Heaven forbid !” replied Charlotte. “ I hope, my dear sister, you
 “ will reflect on the consequence which
 “ a disappointment might have upon
 “ your future peace; and exert your
 “ reason, to prevent you from being
 “ the victim of sensibility.”

“ Ah, Charlotte !” returned Euphemia, “ reason, I am afraid, has little
“ power to conquer love.”

“ Indeed, my dear Euphemia,” replied Charlotte, “ I am much surprised
“ to hear you advance such a sentiment,
“ which I am convinced you can never
“ have considered duly, or you would
“ not have uttered : but if your love
“ has conquered your reason, I do
“ most sincerely pity, though I must
“ advise you, and still point out to you
“ the consequences.”

“ I cannot think of them,” interrupted she ; “ I only know that I
“ should be the most miserable creature
“ existing, if I thought it probable
“ that I should lose Lord Margam.
“ But I have no cause to suspect such
“ an evil ; I have received every proof
“ of

“ of his most sincere affection : he
 “ knows that I return it; and he means
 “ immediately to solicit my father’s con-
 “ sent to our union.”

Charlotte, embracing her fervently,
 exclaimed—“ Heaven grant that you
 “ may be happy ! and that no unfore-
 “ seen evil may destroy your present
 “ hopes. Yet, remember, my dear
 “ sister, I entreat you, that to be pre-
 “ pared for evil is ever wise. Lord
 “ Margam I believe is worthy of you.
 “ Your family and fortune render you
 “ a proper wife for him, if suitable-
 “ ness only is considered; and your
 “ virtues I believe are equal. But re-
 “ member what an immense fortune
 “ Lord Glendarran possesses; that he
 “ may have ambitious views for his
 “ son, and that interest may induce

" him to wish Lord Margam to marry
 " some other woman. His sister may
 " not like you as her brother's wife;
 " therefore you might be miserable,
 " even united to Lord Margam. Above
 " all things, remember that Lord Glen-
 " darran may refuse his consent to your
 " union."

" It is all nothing, my dear Char-
 " lotte," replied Euphemia; " Lord
 " Margam loves me, and the whole
 " world is nothing!"

" Ah, Euphemia!" continued her
 prudent sister, " I tremble for you."
 But she was insensible to her fears or
 pity, because she felt herself at that
 moment the happiest of human beings.

Thought prevented Charlotte from
 sleeping; anxiety for her sister now
 supplied the place of her own reason-

ings; so that, when she appeared at breakfast next morning, she was obliged to feign as an excuse for having a bad head-ache, the fatigue she had experienced from dancing so much the night before.

“ Indeed,” said Mr. Greville, joining her, as she was standing alone at a window, *for the benefit of the air*, “ I am very sorry for you ; and you cannot imagine how much I regretted that I was so inconsiderate as to prevail upon you to dance so much, however happy you made me by complying ; do take some more coffee, and let me drive you out in my phaeton ; I am sure it will do you good. See what a fine morning it is ! ”

“ Oh ! aye,” exclaimed Lady Cecilia, who heard the latter part of Mr.

Greville's conversation; "do go with
 "him, and Mr. Llewellyn shall drive
 "me; for he drives delightfully, and
 "the roads are so bad, it is the best *fun*
 "in the world."

Charlotte felt as if she must not go with Mr. Greville; but asking herself *why*, could not find any reason which ought to prevent her; therefore, thanking him, said she would accept his obliging offer.

Breakfast ended, they set out, and returned to dinner all well, and in spirits. Mr. Greville took a seat by Charlotte, made her drink wine, and invited her to eat of every thing which he thought she liked best; so that she had no need of the attentions of Lord Oakley, who paid her compliments, and said fine things innumerable. Soon as
 they

they retired to the drawing-room, Miss Gunnings addressed her.

" I congratulate you, Miss Llewellyn," said she, " on your conquest."

" What do you mean?" asked she.

" Nay, nay, don't blush so," continued Miss Gunnings; " Lord Oakleys are not to be met with every day."

" Pooh, pooh," said Charlotte, laughing; " how can you talk so ridiculously?"

" Oh, there is no ridicule in the case," returned she; " he certainly is quite smitten with you; and very serious, I'm confident, by what he said to me this morning: in short, he is immensely in love with you."

" Pray don't talk such nonsense!" replied Charlotte; " I can never believe

" it

“ it possible for a man to be in love with
“ any woman in a few days.”

“ Oh, yes, indeed, Charlotte! but
“ they really may,” Euphemia ex-
claimed; to which Miss Gunnings add-
ed—“ Days! if I could not make any
“ man in England in love with me in
“ six hours, I should be sorry.”

“ I should like to know how that is
“ possible,” said Charlotte.

“ It’s impossible to explain it,” re-
plied Miss Gunnings; “ if you were a
“ *flirt*, you would know; but it’s im-
“ possible to make you understand by
“ telling you.”

“ Then, as I never mean to be a
“ *flirt*,” remarked Charlotte, “ you
“ need not give yourself the trouble of
“ explaining it, if it is a knowledge

“ con-

"confined to that character; for I
"hope I shall never be what I despise."

"Oh, I like flirtation!" exclaimed
Miss Gunnings; "and so does every
"body who knows any thing of life.
"It's not very natural to suppose that
"you should; for I dare say you never
"saw half a dozen young men in your
"life."

"Those I have seen did not increase
"my desire to see more; for many of
"them were fools, and many cox-
"combs," replied Charlotte, rather
piqued by the contemptuous manner
in which Miss Gunnings uttered the
latter part of her speech.

"Fools! pray what signifies fools!"
retorted she; "all women of sense like
"fools."

"Then

“ Then I am entirely excluded from
“ the appellation,” said Charlotte, cool-
ly, “ for I neither like foolish men,
“ *nor foolish women.*”

“ Being so very agreeable in your-
“ self, you are happily exempted from
“ the necessity of liking any body
“ else,” said Miss Gunnings, in a man-
ner not easy to describe.

Charlotte had occasion to appeal to
her reason, before she replied; but as
she could be very calm when she saw
any thing which was contemptible, and
as the anger and disdain so visible in
Miss Gunnings’s countenance well de-
served that epithet, she looked out of
the window, saying—

“ What a fine evening it is! I de-
“ clare I’ll go and take a walk.”

Say-

Saying which, she tripped out of the room, and left Miss Gunnings to regain her good humour at leisure; soon forgetting, in a contemplation of the glorious scenery which surrounded Glendarran, the recollection of her, and perhaps every object but the one who joined her, saying—

“I saw you walking, therefore came
“to go with you.”

“Good Heavens! you quite startled
“me, Mr. Greville,” cried Charlotte.

“Which way are you walking?”
asked he.

“To the shrubbery,” she replied.

“This is the way, I believe,” he remarked.

“No, I meant to the other shrub-
“bery.”

"I am glad of it," was all his reply; "it will make our walk longer."

They went there; but as their conversation was a very trifling one, and supported with very little spirit on either side, it is not worth recording. As they entered the drawing-room, Miss Gunnings said—"I really think *it is* a very fine evening for walking! *Some company* is even preferable to solitude. Mr. Greville, I *bespeak* the honour of yours, for a walk after tea."

To this he smiled, and bowed assent.

The company seemed universally disposed to walk; and some one remarking, that it would be delightful to have a concert in the music-room in the woods,

woods, they immediately walked thither.

Lord Oakley pestered Charlotte Llewellyn all the way with his gallantries, and what he called his love; but she was disposed to be *cruel*, as he told her, leaving him, to join her sister, who was really annoyed by the attentions of Captain Wilson; Lord Margam having been deputed, as master of the ceremonies, to go first, and put all things in order.

“ Pray, don’t you think your sister’s hat the most beautiful thing you ever saw in your life?” Captain Wilson asked Charlotte Llewellyn.

“ Indeed I never thought about it,” replied she: then looking, “ Yes, it is, “ a very pretty hat.”

“ Pray

“ Pray did not you admire Lady Vir-
 “ gilia-ap-Howel's dress last night?”
 continued he.

“ Sir!” said Charlotte, looking se-
 riously at him, while the Captain, who
 was not very easily abashed, conti-
 nued—

“ Don't you think Lady Virgilia-ap-
 “ Howel's dress *divine*? I really think
 “ that I never saw any thing so beau-
 “ tiful in my life: and what a prodigi-
 “ ous handsome face she has!” Upon
 “ my soul, I was quite fascinated with
 “ her!”

Now Lady Virgilia-ap-Howel was most
 unfortunately ugly, and her dress like
 no human being's. Charlotte Llewellyn
 was incapable herself of making sport of
 either; and thinking that the man who

expected to be admired by displaying his wit in such a cause, deserved to be mortified, replied—

“ It is really pity, Captain Wilson, that you should throw away your wit.”

“ Nay, I assure you, I don’t mean to be witty. I protest seriously, upon my honour, that I think Lady Virginia-ap-Howel very pretty.”

“ Well, well, Captain,” replied she, “ I believe you will not be forsworn, if you have been accustomed to make such protestations. However, I am very happy that you don’t mean to be witty, because it’s impossible for me to laugh ”

The Captain now really began to think her a little satirical; therefore,
con-

considering her as one of those ladies who prefer laughing at their own wit to other people's, he walked up to Miss Gunnings, and entered into a conversation with her, much more agreeable to his taste than it was possible he could have enjoyed with Charlotte Llewellyn; who, in being pleased with the visible attention which Mr. Greville paid to her, when they arrived at the music-room, forgot the cautions which reason and prudence had whispered the night before, and only felt that she was happy. The cause of this she had not then leisure to search for, but she was made sensible that Mr. Greville possessed some power to increase it, when he came up to her, and taking her hand, whispered—"Pray do sit down to the organ; I had rather
 "hear

“hear you play than Miss Gunnings,
“a thousand times. Pray oblige me!
“You don’t know what pleasure it
“gives me to hear you.”

She immediately sat down to the organ; but before she had played many bars Miss Gunnings exclaimed—

“Miss Llewellyn! surely you are
“not looking at your notes!”

“Oh, go on!” cried Mr. Greville.
“She plays delightfully.”

She certainly did not do so long; but Lord Margam, who possessed perhaps more penetration than his fellows, for discovering the causes of confusion, perceiving how very visible hers was, kindly said—“Suppose you let Miss
“Gunnings play that piece; she excels
“particularly in it.”

Char-

Charlotte was delighted, and instantly resigned her feat. Miss Gummings played it through, and when she had finished, exclaimed—

“ There ! that’s precisely the style it
“ ought to be played in !”

“ Aye, aye,” said Lord Oakley;
“ but there’s no understanding them
“ long pieces of music.—I wish, Miss
“ Llewellyn, you could sing ‘ Love in
“ thine eyes,’ for you have a most
“ sweet melodious voice ; I could hear
“ you sing from morning till night !—
“ and I don’t believe any woman in
“ England can play better neither :—
“ come, my dear, do sing, to oblige
“ me.”

“ Indeed, Sir, I wish I could,” replied she ; “ but I am not much ac-
“ customed

“customed to sing in company; and
 “it affects me so much when I do, that
 “I lose my voice entirely.”

“No, no; no such thing,” continued
 his Lordship; “I insist upon it that
 “you have the most sweet, melodious
 “voice in the world. Practise a lit-
 “tle, practise a little. You ought
 “not to be afraid of singing before any
 body: never mind if your voice is
 “not quite up to concert pitch. I’d
 “rather hear you sing one of your
 “little Welsh songs, than all the squall-
 “ing opera-girls in England. Wo-
 “men are got into a most horrid way
 “of stretching their mouths open, and
 “squalling out what nobody can un-
 “derstand; and quavering, like no-
 “thing under the sun. Give me a lit-
 “tle song that brings the tears in my
 VOL. I. L “eyes,

“ eyes, or else a good jolly tally-ho!

“ None of your d——n’d, nonsensical

“ Italian quavers for me !”

Miss Gunnings, who did not feel herself at all complimented by his opinions, said—

“ If your skill in politics, my Lord,
“ is not greater than your skill in music, I am afraid that your Lordship
“ will be but an useless instrument in
“ the world.”

“ But not made for every practitioner
“ to play upon,” answered for him Charlotte Llewellyn, who saw that he was *at a fault*; but considering him as a very good-humoured fox-hunter, determined to support his cause; at least to prevent Miss Gunnings from triumphing in her wit. To say the truth, she began to discover that lady’s character

ter so clearly, that she could not avoid sometimes treating her with a little of the contempt which she found she deserved, and which people of *clear perception* are very apt to discover to those who create it.

“ I thank you, Miss Llewellyn!—
 “ thank you !” exclaimed Lord Oakley, who had wit enough to comprehend her meaning.—“ Now, Miss Gunnings, what do you say to that ?
 “ Start fair, and a guinea to a shilling
 “ on little Charlotte!—Come, who
 “ takes the odds ?” Aye, aye, she’ll
 “ beat, she’ll beat, she’ll beat ! Tally
 “ ho !”

“ Lord, what a bawl you make !”
 cried Lady Cecilia : “ do hold your
 “ tongue, and let the music go on.”

“ Oh, aye ! by all means, my Lady,”
replied he. “ I hate a noise any
“ where but in the field—that’s the
“ thing ! Tally-ho ! Nothing like it,
“ for cheering the spirits, bracing the
“ nerves, and getting an appetite for
“ dinner !”

“ Then it’s pity you should ever go
“ out,” said Lady Cecilia ; “ for you’re
“ the greatest cormorant I ever saw in
“ my life.”

“ Aye, aye, my Lady,” returned he,
in perfect good humour ; “ there’s no-
“ thing like it ! nothing like eating and
“ drinking ! — nothing supports life
“ equal to it ! Port wine, port wine !
“ that’s the thing !—that’s the liquor of
“ life !”

“ Aye, and the liquor of death,
“ too,”

“too,” said she; “for I think, if you
“swallow much more of it, you will
“not be long for this life:—only look
“at your face, now, how it’s bloated!
“and what a porpoise you are!”

“Nothing like it, my Lady, no-
“thing like it,” continued he; “I
“shall soon go to Harrowgate, and
“drink it all down again. Then, as
“to my face, it will be as smooth as
“your Ladyship’s, but not quite so
“beautiful.”

With this compliment, so satisfactory
to himself, his Lordship ceased speak-
ing, and permitted the music to be
heard.

Whilst Miss Emma Gunnings was
playing a very beautiful little air, in a
most masterly manner, Mr. Greville
said to Charlotte Llewellyn—“I wish

“ you had played it; but I see you
“ are tired.”

She looked confused, but declared
that she was very well.

“ You cannot deceive me,” said Mr.
Greville.

She smiled.

“ Perhaps I should surprise you,”
continued he, “ if I were to tell you
“ how well I am acquainted with your
“ character; I am afraid I don’t know
“ myself half so well.”

Her confusion increased, but she
could not speak in answer to his re-
marks; *and not having the least inclina-*
tion to be witty, remained silent, as
they both did, till she called his atten-
tion to the music, which soon ceased,
and they returned to the Castle; she
deter-

determining that she would not again be alone with Mr. Greville, that is, she walked away from him, and joined her sister; but finding it absolutely necessary to ask him some very important question before they proceeded a hundred yards, stopped till his party came up, and Miss Gunnings being of it, chatted with her very good-humouredly till they arrived at the Castle.

CHAP. XVI.

"The strong, the brave, the virtuous, and the
wife,

"Sink in the soft captivity together."

ADDISON.

SOME sagacious readers may already have discovered that Mr. Greville was *in love* with Miss Llewellyn: perhaps it might be so; but not much unlike her in his ideas, he was not one of those who consider falling in love as losing their senses, or matrimony so trifling a subject, as to make proposals to a woman on a fortnight's acquaintance. It is true, that he discovered in Charlotte Llewellyn every quality which
he

he thought necessary to make a man happy ; but he had very refined notions, and possessed that sensibility of temper which requires a perfect return of affection in a beloved object ; without which, all the virtues of Charlotte Llewellyn could not have made him happy. The trifling proofs which he had given her of his admiration she received in a manner which left him in a very tormenting state of anxiety respecting her real opinion of him : changing therefore his intention of quitting Glendarran, he resolved to leave it to circumstances and time to discover it.

While these thoughts were revolving in his mind, Charlotte was questioning herself very seriously concerning the regard she began to perceive she

really entertained for Mr. Greville; and which she found had something in it more tender than mere respect for a good man; and beginning to believe that Mr. Greville must have more than a common regard for her, she resolved neither to endeavour to increase nor destroy it. The first she thought she should only make herself ridiculous in attempting, and she perceived that she should be *very sorry* to do the latter. Still, some ideas which reason and delicacy suggested, determined her to persevere in treating every thing which Mr. Greville might say with perfect indifference, till she was *very sure* that he really loved her. This, it must be confessed, was a great proof of her lamentable ignorance; but so she did.

“ I have

" I have only seen Mr. Greville one
 " fortnight," she mentally argued : " I
 " think he possesses every qualification
 " to make a marriage state a happy
 " one ; but I am not certain that I may
 " not be deceived. The heart of man
 " is much beyond my comprehension ;
 " and I really durst not become the
 " wife of a man of whom I have so
 " little knowledge. His family might
 " dislike me ; my fortune might per-
 " haps be considered incompetent ; and
 " many circumstances conspire to render
 " our union ineligible.

" But why do I reflect thus ? How
 " foolish I am to reason in this manner,
 " concerning one who perhaps never
 " thought of me seriously !

" I must entertain too much regard
 " for him, or such ridiculous sugges-

“tions would never enter my imagination. I am resolved therefore to keep a strict guard upon myself, and not let his praises so often dwell on my mind, or any thing that he says have so much effect upon me.”

Thus mentally reasoned Charlotte Llewellyn, in the still and solemn hour of midnight; so little did she think of *finding amusement* in gaining an admirer, and so little knowledge or love of flirtation did she possess, that the idea of a husband was ever connected, in her imagination, with that of a lover: hence it was, that in the few who had discovered any partiality for her, she first attempted to consider how far she should like them in that character; and finding it utterly impossible to take them for ever as *lord* and *master*, she
soon

soon repulsed them: thus, according to the ideas of some ladies, she literally had never had a lover in her life, at the age of one-and-twenty.

This may account for the folly of her reflections on Mr. Greville, and the *unfeminine* manner in which she received his first advances; a manner which would have been most unnatural to a *woman of the world*, though perhaps not very uncommon in an innocent and reasonable one.

The effect which her reflections produced was rather a coldness in her morning compliments to Mr. Greville; which, though unperceived by any one but himself, was perhaps the more sensibly felt by him, as he happened to be indisposed slightly at the time: but if he was hurt by her indifference when

first she addressed him, he was amply compensated by the unaffected concern she discovered when he confessed to her that he was unwell, and the peculiar attention she paid him, at a time when every one sympathised in his indisposition.

The gratitude, the admiration, he felt for her delicate yet affectionate solicitude, so forcibly convinced him of the reality of her goodness, and his own attachment, that, when he retired to his own room, he forgot all the former suggestions of prudence, and determined to reward her with such a return as he now was convinced she merited.

Full of these pleasing thoughts, which her virtues, and the hope that he should be able to secure her love, by devoting his future life to study her

happiness, created, he resolved immediately to offer, with his tenderest affections, his hand and fortune; this afforded him such reviving consolation, that the next day he was perfectly well, or fancied himself so; and, on meeting Charlotte next morning, when she inquired after his health with all the solicitude of love visible in her countenance, tempered only with that diffidence which perhaps rendered it the more attractive, he cheerfully assured her, that he was quite well. Charlotte looked at him with surprise, began to think that his indisposition must have been very slight; and was somewhat confused, on reflecting how much anxiety she had shown.

“ But why should I not ? ” thought she. “ Are not all entitled to kindness

"ness and attention, when they are ill ?

"Certainly.—Therefore, why should

"I not show that to Mr. Greville

"which I should to any other person

"in the same circumstances ?"

"But should you have been quite

"so anxious for the health of any

"other person ?" whispered Suspicion.

"Yes, that I should," answered
Humanity; nor dare we say that it
deceived her entirely.

Upon Mr. Greville's asking her to
take a walk, she thanked him for his
obliging offer of accompanying her,
but remarked, that it was her custom
always to walk alone in a morning.

"It's certainly very *queer* in you,"
said Lady Cecilia; "for I would not
"give a fig to walk by myself."

"Oh,

" Oh, Miss Llewellyn is enjoying her own reflections," remarked Miss Gunnings. To which her mother, with all the appearance of admiration, added—

" Yes, and I dare say she does not need any thing else to make her walks agreeable."

" I only wish, however," remarked Mr. Greville, " that I knew what particular charm the east wood contained, for I observe that you always go that way in a morning."

She only smiled.

The observations of others, however, though they were what she wished to avoid, and never before imagined that she had excited, did not prevent her from taking her accustomed walk.

CHAP. XVII.

"The eye that will not weep another's sorrows,
"Should boast no gentler brightness
"Than the glare which reddens in the eye-balls of
the wolf." MASON.

DELIGHTFUL would be the task of description, if it possessed the power of inducing us to practise what it sometimes obliges us to admire: happy should we consider ourselves if it were possible to inspire a taste for such morning visits, or if we could convey to some of our fair readers a portion of that pleasure which Charlotte Llewellyn experienced, when, led by a sense of duty and humanity, she employed those hours

hours which the gay inhabitants of Glendarran Castle spent in absolute idleness, or useless occupations, in visiting the children of sorrow, or administering relief to the victims of disease and poverty.

Oh ye daughters of affluence, whose business is pleasure, and whose study happiness ; seek it where only it is to be found ; in employments which satisfy the heart, and in performing the duties of rational beings, according to your respective situations. Think, ye who are complaining of fatigue and languor, in the midst of idleness and gaiety, think of the poor cottager, who earns her daily bread, and who labours from the rising of the sun to its going down, to obtain the food and raiment which nature requires.

Think, when you are destitute of employment,

ployment, and so often wish that you had something to do—think on her who is wife, mistress, servant, nurse, and mother !

When sickness deprives you of spirits, ease, and gaiety ; when the kindness of friends, the comforts of affluence, and all the powers of art, cannot obtain you one moment's respite from pain, think of her who has no friend to comfort, no servant to attend, no physician to prescribe to her ; and whom perhaps the very draught which you petulantly reject, might restore to health and happiness !

See the object deserted by the husband, whom necessity compels to go in search of his daily bread, surrounded by a group of infants, calling to her for that food which she would cheerfully spare,

spare, but for the smiling babe who depends on her alone for nourishment. See her endeavouring to spare, from her own scanty garments, sufficient to preserve its tender body from the piercing cold.

Contemplate such pictures as these, my fellow-sisters, and you will soon find the means of employment, pleasure, happiness! Fancy might have heightened them with her vivid pencil, and yet remained faithful to nature; but a slight sketch of the situation of your fellow-creatures is sufficient, when viewed aright, to awaken pity in the human heart. There are many, who, for want of viewing misery, and acquainting themselves with the situations of those whom fortune places far beneath them, never exerted that benevolence which
their

their hearts might otherwise delight in exercising.

It is even accounted *vulgar* by some *genteel people* to hold conversation with their inferiors; or if they ever indulge in speaking to them, merely do it to be amused by their dialect, or to laugh at their simplicity. The cottage is perhaps sometimes entered from the same motives; and not a few of the genteel people to whom they relate their *adventure*, facetiously ask them, “if they are fit “to come into clean company,” after having entered the hut of poverty.

Thus is humanity disgraced; benevolence silenced in its first efforts; and duties laughed at, till that virtue is discarded which pity might have contributed to excite in the youthful mind. The heart warmed by it dares not follow

low

low its own suggestions, because it has not learned to despise the laugh of the thoughtless, or the sneer of the scorner; and thus the beings who might have become useful and happy, forget the children of poverty, or only afford them that ill-directed relief, which neither gives themselves trouble nor awakens reflection.

Thus, while it is considered as a degradation to exert those feelings which are our best ornaments, and which were doubtless bestowed upon us for general advantage, it ought not to be wondered at, that in the society of the great and the gay, we so seldom hear the poor spoken of, but with accounts of their comforts, or specimens of their ingratitude.

CHAP. XVIII.

“ Say ye, oppress’d by some fantastic woes,
“ Some jarring nerve that baffles your repose,
“ Who prefs the downy couch, whilst slaves advance,
“ With timid eye, to read the distant glance;
“ Who with sad pray’rs the weary doctor tease,
“ To name the nameless ever new disease;
“ Who with mock patience dire complaints endure,
“ Which real pain, and that alone, can cure;
“ How would ye bear in real pain to lie,
“ Despis’d, neglected, left alone to die?
“ How would ye bear to draw your latest breath,
“ Where all that’s wretched paves the way for death?”

C R A B B E.

THE cottage which Charlotte Llewellyn had long visited daily, belonged to a widow, whom age and infirmities rendered totally dependent upon an only daughter, whose industrious and unceasing

ceasing exertions had long been their only support. But sickness deprived them of this—her lover went to serve his king and country; and sorrow, not less poignant than in the heart of her who boasts of sensibility, prevented her from performing her daily task with that alacrity which barely supplied their necessary wants. Her own were therefore contracted, and she endeavoured each day ineffectually to regain, by double diligence, what she had lost on the preceding. Grief, languor, pain, and want prevented her; and for some weeks each succeeding day only brought fresh pain and fresh sorrow. Their last crust was expended when her feeble mother was compelled to walk up to Miss Llewellyn's for relief. She lived on the opposite side of a mountain, re-

mote from her neighbours, and till of late having never stood in need of assistance, they seldom visited her. When they were informed of her situation, they hastened to her cottage, but knowing that poverty and sickness do not like many guests, Charlotte entered it alone, and beheld a sight that must have aroused compassion in the hardest bosom.

In a corner of a hut, which in winter would scarcely have defended from the inclemencies of the weather, the goats, which occupied one half of it, sat, close to a smoky fire, a young woman, pale and emaciated; unable, after one wild look on Charlotte, as she entered, to raise her head from the creaking table on which she supported it. Her mother was entreating her to eat a portion of
milk

milk and onions, which had been the only food she had tasted for many days. Nature refused to accept her kindness, and the victim of poverty seemed going to sink into that state where all things are forgotten.

It was a sight that even humanity shrunk from ; and hope of affording relief alone, brought those tears to the eyes of Charlotte Llewellyn, which horror confined to their source, when first she beheld the victim of poverty. She looked at her again, and imagined that it was still possible to snatch her from death: the thought had transport in it.

Having learnt her name from the mother, "What is the matter with you, "Lucy?" said she, softly, accepting the stool which the mother wiped and offered

ferred her, that she might gain all the intelligence possible concerning Lucy's case. "Oh, I am very bad!" said the poor creature, in a voice scarcely audible; "I am going to die! but God will take me to heaven!"

"No, no, you will live!" said Charlotte, emphatically; "does your head give you pain?"

"Oh yes!" answered she.

Charlotte perceiving that it was very painful to her to speak, asked her mother such other questions as she thought necessary. The old woman appeared delighted to answer them, interspersing numberless instances of her daughter's goodness, and their former situation in life; with many anecdotes very foreign to the subject, which Charlotte's patience was not exhausted in hearing, though

though perhaps they would have been rather unentertaining to some hearers.

When she had finished speaking, Charlotte bid the old woman be very cautious in giving her daughter what victuals she should send, and to make her take the medicines regularly which Dr. Jones might order; then charging Lucy not to despair, and telling her that she would see her every day till she was well, which she hoped would be soon, she left her.

Dr. Jones, as he was called, attended her, by Miss Llewellyn's desire; and every comfort which she could administer, was bestowed upon the poor cottager. Dr. Jones declared that she would soon get well, with proper care; and observed, that his medicines had great effect, therefore recommended her

to take them properly, and then she would certainly immediately recover.

Charlotte, however, found, that in three weeks, even Dr. Jones's medicines taken punctually, had very little effect; and that, notwithstanding all her endeavours, her patient gained little strength. Knowing the efficacy of wine and nourishing food, to those who have not been accustomed to either, and how much cleanliness is conducive to health, it had been her first care to have a complete change in the apparel of her patient. Such kind of garments Charlotte and Euphemia had been so much accustomed to make, that it would have taken them but a short space of time to equip her; but that relief might be administered as speedily as possible, their faithful maid, Phœbe, assisted them, with

with some little scholars for whom they found constant employment.

Their labour was not in vain ; for at the expiration of five weeks, when the sisters visited the cottage, they found the poor object of their solicitude sitting upright in her chair, and assuring them, in answer to their inquiries, that she was *better*, in a tone of grateful pleasure. Charlotte, however, who had some skill in looks, did not flatter herself that she was much amended.

On the morning after Mr. Greville and the company at Glendarran had remarked her solitary rambles, she walked to the cottage, and was delighted to see Lucy receive her with a smile, while her mother exclaimed, “ Ah dear
“ a me, Madam ! she is such a mortal
“ deal better ! it would a done your

“ heart good to a seen her eat the nice
 “ chicken that good Madam Phœbe
 “ brought her yesterday ; and she has
 “ eaten her breakfast of that stuff as
 “ your Ladyship sent, quite hearty ;
 “ and last night she said to me, ‘ Ah,
 “ mother, I shall live to see Morgan
 “ again !’ and then a did so cry, and
 “ talked, *quite natural*, as a body may
 “ say ; and remembered the eighteen
 “ pence as a was forced to borrow of
 “ Nanny Jones, and says, ‘ Mother,
 “ now I am but getting well, I’ll spin
 “ so hard ! and we shall be so happy
 “ again when I’ve paid her—God Al-
 “ mighty bless Miss Llewellyn !’ And
 “ that he will, Miss, I am sure !” Char-
 lotte was not very capable of replying
 to the good old woman ; but asking
 what provisions she had, drew out her
 purse,

purse, and giving her what she thought proper, departed, after making them rather a shorter visit than usual.

“ God Almighty bless and reward “ you ! ” said the old woman, as Charlotte bid her farewell ; on which she took the hand of her benefactress, and pressing it, said, “ I am an *old* woman, “ and perhaps I may not live to see to-morrow’s sun rise ! but God will bless “ you, and grant that we shall meet “ again in heaven, if I should never see “ you again in this world.”

She ceased speaking, but her voice still vibrated in the heart of Charlotte Llewellyn ; she pressed the hand of her child, and turned away to hide the emotions which could not be suppressed.

To those who never felt the pleasure of a pain like this, it would be in vain to

attempt the description; but we wish we could impart to them a portion of those feelings which Charlotte Llewellyn experienced as she wiped her eyes, and with quickened steps pursued her walk to Glendarran.

She had not proceeded far before she was met by Mr. Greville, to whose polite inquiry, where she had been rambling, she replied, that she had been taking a walk.

“ Ah, Miss Llewellyn,” said he, “ I believe these poor cottagers have some share in depriving us of the pleasure of your society in a morning.”

“ Oh, I am in my own neighbourhood,” was her reply.

“ How good you are !” exclaimed he.

“ Good,” she repeated, smiling;
“ why,

“ why, you don’t think I should stay in
“ the house all day.”

“ Ah, Miss Llewellyn, do not at-
“ tempt to deprive yourself of the ad-
“ miration which is due to you for your
“ meritorious conduct,” said Mr. Gre-
ville; “ I know how you employ your
“ time, and how, *how do I admire you*
“ *for it !*”

“ I should be sorry, Mr. Greville,”
said she, gravely, “ if you thought
“ there was any thing meritorious in
“ my conduct.”

“ Not meritorious !” exclaimed he;
“ ah, Miss Llewellyn, how few, like
“ you,

“ Inquire the wretched out,
“ And court the offices of soft humanity !”

“ Numbers do, I hope,” replied she;
“ surely there is nothing at all uncom-

“ mon in what I do! You pay the world
“ a very bad compliment, Mr. Greville,
“ when you praise me.”

“ Oh, if you knew the world,” ex-
claimed he, “ you would know your
“ own merit !”

“ I can never believe that there is
“ any merit in merely performing a
“ duty ; and particularly when the per-
“ formance of it constitutes our highest
“ pleasure,” said Charlotte, emphat-
tically.

“ It is the effect of every duty we can
“ perform to do the same,” said Mr.
Greville ; “ but that does not deprive
“ individuals of merit.”

“ But since all the good I can per-
“ form is merely a duty,” said Charlotte,
“ pray don’t praise me, Mr. Greville,
“ whilst I feel conscious how much

“ more I *could do*, and how deficient I
“ am in the performance.”

He regarded her with a look of mingled love and reverence, but was prevented from speaking, by the approach of Miss Gunnings.

“ La !” exclaimed she, “ you are all
“ alone, according to custom ! I have
“ been taking such an immense walk,
“ I’m tired to death ; I have been quite
“ lost, till by mere good fortune I came
“ to a cottage where I stepped in, but
“ it was such a filthy place it was im-
“ possible to sit down ; and there was a
“ poor wretch so ill, I really thought she
“ would expire before any body could
“ go to her relief ; so I ran away as fast
“ as possible, and told the old woman
“ that I would send Dr. Morgan to her
“ immediately. Poor thing, my heart
“ bled

“ bled for her.—Dear, what a heavenly
“ day it is ! do let us walk round by the
“ lake home !”

Charlotte discovered, on inquiring, that it was poor Lucy whom Miss Gunnings had seen, and who, from the description, was in a fit when she left her; knowing therefore that Dr. Morgan, who was a man of great skill and humanity, was at the Castle, she begged Miss Gunnings and Mr. Greville to excuse her for leaving them, and hastened away in search of him, to take him to her patient.

“ What an uncommon young woman
“ Miss Llewellyn is !” said Mr. Greville, as soon as she was out of sight.

“ Very !” replied Miss Gunnings.

“ And what amazing goodness there
“ is in her disposition !” added he.

“ There

“ There is, indeed,” replied she.

“ There is not a morning,” continued he, “ in which she does not go to see all “ the sick people, visit the school which “ she has established, and do good of “ some kind.”

“ How amiable !” fervently ejaculated Miss Gummings ; adding, “ Indeed, it is “ melancholy when one reflects how “ few there are who really ever give “ themselves trouble about such things ; “ or who ever think of the miserable “ victims that are beneath us.”

“ Indeed it is,” said Mr. Greville, looking in her face, and thinking it handsomer than ever it had appeared before ; nay, so much did she say on the subjects of charity and humanity, that before they arrived at the Castle, he began to revere her so much, that he ap-

prehended he had done her much injustice in his opinion of her; and blaming himself for not having discovered the merits of Miss Gunnings sooner, resolved to make her all the reparation in his power, by doing ample justice to them for the future.

CHAP. XIX.

“ All men think all men mortal but themselves.”

YOUNG.

IT was the opinion of Dr. Morgan, when he had seen the poor cottager, that her complaint was “ the fever of poverty ;” and as her weakness was so extreme, that she was able to take but a very small quantity of nourishment, it was most probable a putrid fever would ensue.

“ But surely it may be prevented,” said Charlotte, fervently ; “ surely, Dr. Morgan, she will recover ?”

“ Why,” replied he, “ if she could
“ enjoy

“ enjoy all the comforts of affluence,
 “ perhaps she might ; but I fear she is
 “ very far gone. If she could be re-
 “ moved to fresh air, and receive all the
 “ advantage of good nursing, God only
 “ knows whether she might not reco-
 “ ver ; but now, every particle which
 “ surrounds her, is contaminated by
 “ putrid effluvia ; and notwithstanding
 “ all your good endeavours, I fear, as
 “ you cannot change her dwelling, all
 “ your efforts to purify it will be inef-
 “ fectual.”

Charlotte still was sanguine, and still
 hoped that by her own attentions,
 the good nursing of a young woman
 whom she had engaged to attend her,
 and the prescriptions of Dr. Morgan,
 Lucy would recover. The next day
 was a wet one, and Charlotte did not
 walk

walk to see her as usual ; and the following morning, in answer to her earnest inquiries of Phœbe how she was, she learnt that Lucy was DEAD !

Let those who are elevated above pecuniary misfortunes in this world, contemplate from their giddy height, the beings, equal in the sight of their Creator, whom fortune hath placed beneath them, and whom the interests of civil society necessarily render subordinate ; let them reflect, that it is their duty to make their situations as easy as possible ; and that the hand which refuses relief to misery, when it has a just claim to it, will be called to account for the mite entrusted to its care.

The tears which Charlotte shed over the remembrance of the poor cottager, were not unmixed with regret, for having
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ing permitted any thing to prevent her seeing her the day before. She did not imagine that her presence could have been important to her; but it served as a fresh proof of the reality of a truth which had long been familiar to her, that a reflecting being cannot be happy, unless it performs punctually every duty to the utmost of its power.

CHAP.

CHAP. XX.

“ When reason, like the skilful charioteer,
“ Can break the fiery passions to the bit,
“ And, spite of their licentious fallies, keep
“ The radiant track of glory ; passions, then,
“ Are aids and ornaments.” YOUNG.

PERFECTLY convinced of the merits of Charlotte Llewellyn, Mr. Greville was now only anxious to discover whether she entertained for him, that love which he found could alone make him happy. Though the anxiety which she betrayed when he was ill, and several trifling circumstances, which were only visible to a lover, had led him to believe that she did not behold him
with

with indifference ; yet, upon an impartial view of her behaviour, he found that he had little to justify his hopes, and much to increase his fears. He saw that she was anxiously attentive to every one that was ill, and felt conscious that since his indisposition she had treated him with very uncommon reserve ; therefore *he resolved* to try to discover the real state of her affections. With this view he seemingly took little notice of her, but paid much attention to Miss Gunnings.

One day when he was accidentally alone with Charlotte, he said to her, “ Don’t you admire Miss Gunnings “ extremely ? I think she is one of the “ most sensible, amiable women I ever “ saw in my life—and very handsome.”

“ No,

“ No, I don’t admire her at all,” replied Charlotte.

“ Oh,” cried Mr. Greville, gaily and emphatically, “ she is a charming woman !”

“ I don’t know what her charms consist in, excepting rouge and pearl powder !” said Charlotte, with warmth.

“ Oh, she is completely charming !” continued he ; “ quite fascinating ! I’m absolutely in love with her !”

“ I detest her,” exclaimed Charlotte, “ and I’m sure she possesses no one quality to entitle her to the love of any body.” Saying this, she walked away from Mr. Greville, and he enjoyed his triumph.

A little self-examination soon brought Charlotte self-reproach ; and she concluded

cluded her mental reproofs with, "Never
" will I betray myself so again !"

A ball was proposed for that evening,
which afforded her an opportunity of
exerting all her reason and fortitude ; for
Mr. Greville neither asked her to dance,
nor spoke to her. She was soon fa-
tigated, and retired to her own room,
where Euphemia joined her, declaring
she could dance no more.

" Ah, Charlotte," continued she,
" you don't know how miserable Lord
" Margam has made me this evening !"

Charlotte burst into tears.

" Nay, my dear sister," said Euphe-
mia, " indeed, I am very sorry that I
" told you. I would not have men-
" tioned it on any account if I had
" imagined that it would affect you in
" this manner. But don't cry so, Char-
" lotte !

“lotte! pray don’t! I’ll not think of
“it any more; for perhaps he did not
“mean to be unkind, only I could not
“help being miserable when he asked
“Miss Emma Gunnings to dance be-
“fore me.”

“May I come in?” at that moment
interrogated Lady Cecilia.

Charlotte wiped her eyes, and said,
“Yes, surely, pray do.”

“Ah, Charlotte!” exclaimed she,
seating herself by her; “I am so un-
“happy! your brother will certainly be
“the death of me! Only to think what
“a delightful ball I intended this should
“be! and I never was half so miserable
“in all my life! but I am determined I
“never will have another.”

“Don’t cry, my dear Lady Cecilia,”

said Charlotte; "what *is* the matter
" with you?"

"Why, I *do* like your brother, Charlotte!" replied she, "and he must
" know it well enough, and yet he *will*
" *be* so proud, and so ill-natured to
" me."

"Surely you don't particularly like
" my brother?" said Charlotte, in utter
amazement.

"Like him!" exclaimed Lady Cecilia; "I *love* him above all the men
" on the face of the earth!"

"But, seriously; you would not marry
" him?" asked Charlotte.

"But I *will* marry him!" answered
Lady Cecilia; "I'm determined!"

To which Charlotte retorted, "Surely
" you would not, Lady Cecilia! Consider how small his fortune is, compared

"pared to yours. Lord Glendarran
 "would certainly never consent: be-
 "sides, reflect, Lady Cecilia, how high
 "a woman of your appearance and
 "fortune——"

"I don't care a fig for fortune!" in-
 terrupted she; "and if you talk of ap-
 pearances, look at your brother!
 "who ever saw a man half so handsome
 "as he is? What is my fortune for,
 "pray, if it is not to make me happy?
 "I don't care a farthing for my father's
 "consent! I suppose he married to
 "please himself, and so shall I. Per-
 "haps he might choose some such a
 "fool as Lord Oakley; but I never
 "could like such a fellow, if he *were*
 "my husband! and if I am not so very
 "sensible myself, I should like to have a
 "sensible man, *to pretend to rule me;*

“ and your brother has more sense than
“ any man in the world. So as to for-
“ tune and titles, don’t talk to me ! for
“ I had rather marry your brother, if he
“ were a beggar, than I would a prince.
“ Only think of the poor girl who died
“ the other day, and then tell me what
“ do *riches and titles* signify ; and what
“ signifies my waiting to marry some
“ fool of a lord or a duke, that I should
“ despise and abominate when I had
“ done ? and, besides, I might die first,
“ too ! Therefore I am determined, Char-
“ lotte, that *I will marry* your brother :
“ for there never was such a man before,
“ and there never will be such another
“ again, if I were to wait for one these
“ hundred years ! But he *never will*
“ *love me*, I am afraid ! indeed, I am
“ sure he never will, or he *never*
“ *could*

" *could* treat me in this cruel manner."

Here her tears flowed afresh.

" Nay, my dear Lady Cecilia," said Charlotte, kindly, " if that is all you fear, pray don't distress yourself; for " if you love him, I am certain he must " love you."

" No, but he does not," persisted she.

" I'm sure he admires you very much," continued Charlotte; " I've " heard him say so a thousand times."

" Did he, really ?" exclaimed Lady Cecilia, raising her head, and wiping her eyes; " are you very sure, Charlotte, that he did admire me ? do tell " me exactly what he said, and every " word, good or bad."

" I really don't immediately recollect " any thing in particular," answered

Charlotte; "but I am sure that he
"never said any thing bad."

"Oh, don't imagine such a thing!"
exclaimed Euphemia.

"Well, then, only tell me everything
"you ever heard him say in your life,
"my dear Euphemia, if you have any
"regard for me, and then I shall be sa-
"tisfied."

"I recollect his saying, this morn-
"ing, that he thought in time you
"would become one of the first women
"in the kingdom."

"And are you very sure that was
"all?" asked she.

"Yes, indeed," answered Euphe-
mia.

"In time!" repeated Lady Cecilia;
"then that proved that he did not think
"me so now."

"Pray

“ Pray don’t fancy such things,” said Charlotte.

“ Ah, but I do fancy such things,” replied she, “ and I ought to fancy such things ! for it is very true, and very right ; I’m positive I do want a great deal of improvement ; I am not half so clever as you are, or even as the Miss Gunnings’s, but I could do any thing to please him ; but what does that signify, if he does not like me ? for I’m sure I shall die if he does not ! Ah, if he did but like me as well as Lord Margam does you, Euphemia, oh, what a blessed creature I should be !”

Euphemia blushed and looked confused.

“ Nay,” added Lady Cecilia, “ don’t distress yourself, for I know it all very well, though I did not find it out till

“ lately ; and I heartily wish you happy
 “ together, I assure you. I know my
 “ father intends he should marry Lord
 “ Norfolk’s daughter, to keep up the
 “ family consequence, and the parlia-
 “ mentary interest, which he talks so
 “ much about ; but Ned will soon tell
 “ him another tale, I believe, and he is
 “ a fool if he does not ! Pray, what right
 “ has one man to choose a wife for ano-
 “ ther ? no more than he has to choose
 “ a husband for me, I’m sure ! So good
 “ night, my dear sisters, and Heaven
 “ grant that we may all be happy at
 “ last !”

Saying which, she affectionately em-
 braced them both, and departed.

CHAP. XXI.

" 'Tis an important point, to know
" There's no perfection here below.
" Man's an odd compound, after all ;
" And ever has been since the fall.
" Say that he loves you from his soul,
" Yet man is proud, nor brooks control ;
" And though a slave in love's soft school,
" In wedlock claims *a right to rule.*" COTTON.

EARLY the ensuing morning, Charlotte Llewellyn found an opportunity of engaging her brother alone ; that she might, if possible, discover his real sentiments of Lady Cecilia Margam, for whom she began to entertain a very sincere pity ; as she

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found

found that her errors proceeded from neglect in her education; that she possessed much native good sense, and so many native virtues, that, if they had been properly cultivated, might have qualified her for a very useful and shining member of society.

This was exactly her brother's opinion of Lady Cecilia, who, perceiving more than common curiosity in his sister's interrogations, drew from her something like a confession, at least by implication, of Lady Cecilia's good opinion of him.

"Charlotte," said he, "I will tell you candidly the state of my heart. I do love Lady Cecilia Margam very sincerely! but my fortune being so much inferior to hers, I cannot with honour confess my attachment, unless
 " I was

" I was very certain that it would be
 " agreeable to her. I dare not flatter
 " myself so highly; besides, many cir-
 " cumstances would conspire, in a se-
 " rious view of the subject, to render a
 " connexion with Lady Cecilia Mar-
 " gam a very doubtful security for
 " domestic happiness. I should dis-
 " like marrying a woman of great
 " fortune. I could not be a submissive
 " husband. I detest the follies and
 " gaieties of the great world—and *my*
 " *wife* must submit to reason."

" Indeed, then, if that is all," said
 Charlotte, " I would advise you not to
 " make Lady Cecilia unhappy any
 " longer; for I am confident that she
 " will never reflect upon the superio-
 " rity which fortune gives her; and
 " though I confess that she is not a

" I

" rea-

“reasonable woman now, yet she is
“quite as reasonable as any woman
“with her spirits and fortune, and who
“has been brought up in the manner
“she has, can be well expected to be;
“and I think you will treat her very
“cruelly, if you trifle with her any
“longer.”

“Trifle with her! What can you
“possibly mean?” exclaimed he. “On
“the contrary, I have studiously avoid-
“ed betraying, by any means, the re-
“gard which I really entertain for
“her.”

“Ah, but that is very cruel in you,
“Henry,” said Charlotte; “and you
“little think perhaps, what she is suf-
“fering.”

“Dear Charlotte, I would not for
“the world let her suffer any thing, if

" I could prevent it ! " fervently exclaimed he. " How can you possibly imagine that I could be cruel to Lady Cecilia Margam ? "

" Well, then, only behave naturally, " said Charlotte, " and don't be unpolite to her ; you will soon see how it is proper to act. "

" My dear sister, you amaze me ! " said he : " how is it possible that I can behave unpolitely to her ? "

" Pray, did not you dance first last night with Miss Fitzgerald ? "

" Yes, surely I did, " answered he.

" Aye ! and why did not you dance with Lady Cecilia ? "

" Because there were men of superior rank and consequence in the room : it would not only have been unpolite, but presumptuous in me, " to

“ to have asked her to dance the first
“ dance.”

“ Really,” said Charlotte, “ I never
“ thought of that before.”

“ But why are you so very inquisi-
“ tive ?” asked her brother. “ Did
“ Lady Cecilia think me unpolite ?”

“ Perhaps she did—perhaps she did
“ not,” said Charlotte, who now, con-
vinced of the state of his heart, deter-
mined, for the honour of her sex, not
to betray more of Lady Cecilia’s secret,
so hurried away, telling him (in an-
swer to his entreaties to stay and hear
something very particular which he
had to say), that she could not possibly
listen to him then, as she was in *great*
haste.

A fear, which she could not well ex-
plain, that she should meet Mr. Gre-
ville,

ville, if she walked, induced her to remain in her own room all the morning; which she employed in writing to her friends. Her most beloved one, next to her sister, was a Miss Wentworth, a young lady with whom she had been acquainted from infancy; though their affection had been principally maintained by letters, as Miss Wentworth lived in London, and had never, since they were very young, paid more than two visits at Glendarran: they were, however, sufficient to convince each other of the propriety of their youthful attachment. Miss Wentworth united to a most accomplished mind, every virtue and quality which can render a friend desirable.

When the company assembled in the dining-room at Glendarran, Mr. Gre-
ville

ville spoke still less to Miss Llewellyn than he had done in the morning.

It was proposed to spend the evening at the banquetting house; and his indifference still continued. Music was proposed, but he only asked Miss Gunnings to play; commended her performance; and thanked her very particularly for her obliging complaisance. In truth, she was very compliant: she played every piece that she had heard him commend, and sang all his favourite airs.

Charlotte, to speak plainly, was miserable; though, seemingly, she entered very gaily into conversation with Miss Emma Gunnings, and appeared in high spirits, till meeting Mr. Greville's eyes, he fixed them upon her with a scrutinizing

nizing inquiry, which instantaneously asked her soul if she was happy.

She felt offended; and turning hastily from him, asked Miss Emma Gunnings if she would return to the Castle, who immediately consented.

Mr. Greville and Charlotte spoke not to each other again that night.

Lady Cecilia had discovered something in Henry Llewellyn's manner which made her happy; and in the joy of her heart she declared that she would have another ball the next evening but one, and invite all the country. Thinking it would afford some little variety to have a concert first, the Miss Gunnings's offered to play and sing, Lord Margam to blow the flute, Henry Llewellyn to take a violin, and Lord Oakley engaged to sing
“ a good

"a good jolly fox-hunting song," as also *to help* Miss Llewellyn to sing the "Noble Race of Shenkin," which he declared would give more entertainment to the company than all the Italian airs in the kingdom.

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END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

